JAPAN'S SPRING TRASHING **JOHN HERRICK**

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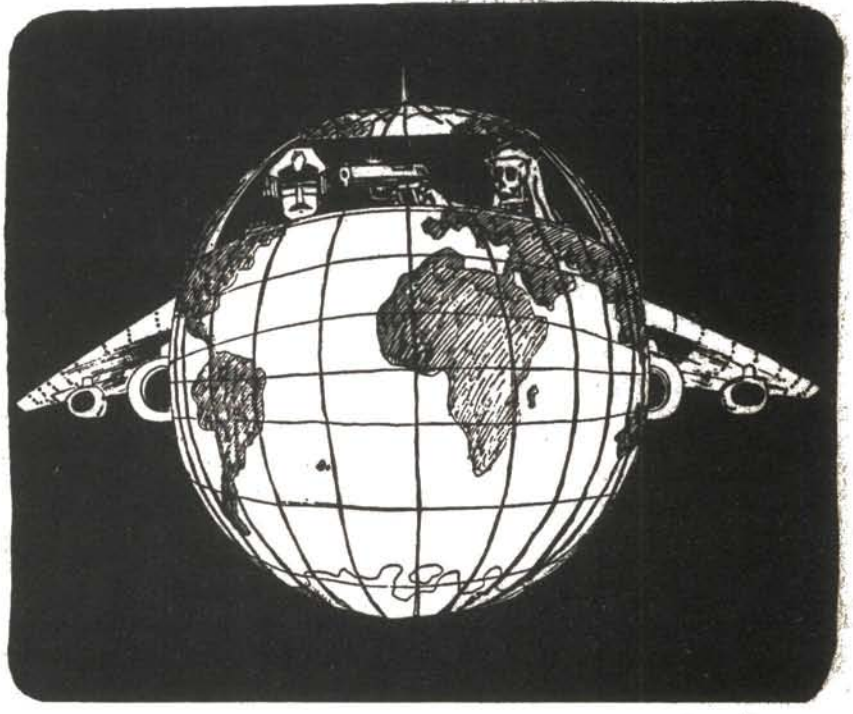

DESMOND SMITH

Scenario Reality

A NEW BRAND OF TERRORISM

INFORMATION IS POWER

The Dangers of State Secrecy

THOMAS I. EMERSON

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EDITORIALS

Peekaboo

President Nixon, in recent outings at Chicago and Houston, has taken to playing peekaboo with the American people. When he speaks of all matters other than Watergate he speaks as Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, with marked emphasis on the name of the incumbent. But let Watergate be mentioned and he ducks behind the symbolism of the Presidency. It is almost as though, when Watergate is the subject of questioning, he ceases to be President. In this process, which he terms "preserving the Presidency," he distorts the traditional concept of the office for the purpose of shielding himself. The President continues to insist that he is innocent of all charges, so one might think he would welcome impeachment as the best means of proving his innocence. But he has opposed and will continue to oppose impeachment by every resource at his disposal, including further misuse of the powers of the Presidency. At this date, he can hardly expect the people to accept his declarations of innocence; the charges are too serious, too numerous and too well supported to be brushed aside; they can be fairly tested only through impeachment.

The game of peekaboo which the President is playing by appearing before selected audiences to answer questions creates a false impression of forthrightness and is certainly no substitute for an impeachment proceeding. Questioning of the kind in evidence at Chicago and Houston cannot penetrate the fog of double-talk which the President uses to confuse the immediate and the larger viewing audience. The follow-up question is never asked; the next question is always on a different subject. The public has learned nothing from these most recent appearances of the President that it did not already know, nor will subsequent performances of the same kind add to its understanding.

To repeat, the only way the serious charges leveled against the President can be tested is by impeachment. The prospects may be unpleasant but not to test the truth of the charges would be disastrous. He always has open to him the alternative course of resignation, but he is not likely to take it because if he did he might be indicted, and his resignation might loosen the tongues of his top aides. So he will brazen it out as long as he thinks he has a chance of holding onto the office, which is after all his best defense. Having shamefully misused the Presidency, he now proposes to exploit it as the best means of defending himself against possible criminal charges, and he defines this desperate tenacity as courage.

Grand Ole Opry

The White House is no doubt disheartened by Sen. James Buckley's call for the resignation of the President. Buckley, the New York Conservative, won office with major help from the Nixon forces, and his declaration may be taken as evidence that the staunchest loyalists now see the cause as lost. But his description of the proposed resignation as "an extraordinary act of statesmanship and courage," designed to "restore authority and moral strength" to the office of the Presidency, is mischievous rubbish.

It perpetuates from a different angle Nixon's assumption that the future of the office is somehow enmeshed with his own future, that unique among Presidents of the United States he *is* the Presidency. Should he choose to resign, Senator Buckley may have done him a last favor by throwing the cloak of nobility around a decision to cut and run.

If Nixon were to be impeached, says the Senator from New York, "History would come to a stop for the duration—in the country and throughout the world." One would recoil in terror from such a notion, but for the fact that it is meaningless. Does Senator Buckley suggest that all the clocks would stop, or that the sun would fail to rise, or that the business of the Kremlin would be suspended while Mr. Nixon's future hung in the balance? Only by this "noble and heartbreaking" act of resignation can the country be pulled out of the Watergate swamp. What Senator Buckley does not seem to realize is that the country has never been in the Watergate swamp—that is the private morass of Mr. Nixon and his cronies.

By one road or another, Mr. Nixon will eventually be gone, and it will then appear that the Presidency abides. The White House is not San Clemente, and the office it symoblizes belongs to no man—least of all to the man who has so demeaned it. Mr. Buckley employs his considerable gift for inflated rhetoric in a poor cause. He would do better to let the House and the Senate get on with the task of charging and trying the President, knowing as he must that Mr. Nixon will not stand still for that process unless he thinks it offers him his best chance. Or is Senator Buckley playing advance man for Richard Nixon's final and greatest "hard decision"?

Watergate Crosses the Atlantic

In the week since our editorial "A Question of Diplomatic Tact" was drafted (see issue of March 23) there has been a further sharp deterioration in U.S.-European relations. Just when it seemed that Dr. Kissinger might take steps to allay the irritation of French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, President Nixon stepped into the breach to aggravate matters, not only as regards M. Jobert but all the Common Market members. Like a policeman wielding his club to break up a street fight and thus provoking a riot, Mr. Nixon chose a Chicago audience of business executives as a platform for public chastisement of "our European friends," synchronized with the launching of his campaign to counter the mounting evidence of his role in the Watergate cover-up with nationwide demonstrations that he is, and will remain, a "strong" President. The effect has been to reinforce the Europeans in their doubts about his political viability.

Normally, any worldly observer would be appalled both by the President's language and the forum he chose for his extempore censure. On reflection, however, perhaps we must expect extraordinary outbursts from a President defending himself against impeachment; this is not the first time that Mr. Nixon has shown emotional instability under stress. In one respect he was realistic, if indiscreet: his remarks acknowledged that the Common

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Market Nine are not blood brothers of the United States but sovereign nations precariously united in a loose federation with interests opposed, severally and collectively, to those of the United States. But instead of seeking a *modus vivendi*, Mr. Nixon chose to warn the Europeans that they could not "have it both ways. They cannot have the United States' participation and cooperation on the security front and then proceed to have confrontation and even hostility on the economic and political fronts. . . ."

Exaggeration is always a sign of weakness, or an acknowledgment that demagoguery is the only possible way out. The Europeans, who had expected moves toward conciliation, did not take this bludgeoning meekly. The French, of course, were most acutely offended. *Le Monde* probably voiced the official feeling when it termed Mr. Nixon's threat to withdraw U.S. troops from Europe as "blackmail," and editorialized that "the tone taken by Mr. Nixon, who is more threatened than ever on the domestic front, makes one think that he is not in control of himself either."

Mr. Nixon linked Congressional sentiment for troop withdrawal with his scolding of the Europeans for not conforming with the terms of his, and Dr. Kissinger's, "Year of Europe," and failing to draw up compliant protocols for his signature in April 1974. The Europeans, no doubt including France, would prefer to have our troops remain, but why are they not willing to make major sacrifices toward that end? It must be because they are aware that these ground forces, the deployment of American naval strength in Europe and adjacent waters, are not altruistic measures for their protection. Nor do our thousands of military bases abroad have that purpose. Rather, all these measures are part of a continuous, compulsive American-Soviet show of strength in a senseless struggle for world hegemony.

The Soviet Union is willing and able to use force to keep its satellites in line when little risk is involved: witness Czechoslovakia. That the Soviets have war plans for the occupation of Western Europe is not open to doubt—all military establishments have plans for every contingency, however bizarre—but that the Soviets have any serious intention of invading Western Europe is Pentagon paranoia, real or contrived. Anyone who thinks that if our troops were pulled home from Western Europe the Russian hordes would pour over the borders must be unable to distinguish between Hitler and Brezhnev.

Any American who favors a pullback lays himself open to official vilification as an "isolationist." The Europeans, however, know better. Mr. Nixon's rodomontade will not impress them, nor will knowledgeable Americans be in any doubt concerning his motives.

Throwing the Book

Gen. Antonio de Spinola has written a book and the government of Portugal is in crisis: two leading generals have been fired, large numbers of junior army officers are disaffected, part of an infantry regiment staged an abortive revolt. One thing is certain after the publication of *Portugal and the Future*: the vaunted stability of the rule of the late dictator, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, is no

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more, and his successor, Premier Marcelo Caetano, is going to have his hands full.

What makes General de Spinola unusually troublesome, in a dictatorship like Portugal, is that he cannot be dismissed as a Communist. On the contrary: Portugal is a colonial power of a sort, and until recently General de Spinola was one of the top colonists. For more than a dozen years the African colonies—Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique—have been in a state of insurrection, and keeping them under a semblance of control has been taking about 40 per cent of the budget of the "mother" country. Until last summer Spinola was governor and commanding general in Guinea. He returned to the homeland after his tour of duty and wrote the book. He was able to get it published through a loophole in the censorship, possibly with the connivance of dissidents in the government. The ruling cabal watches the printed and electronic news media vigilantly, but since almost half the population is illiterate, what harm can a book do? In this case, however, 50,000 copies have been sold—in a country where a circulation of 3,000 makes a best-seller.

Spinola is no extremist. His proposal is to retain the African possessions, but to offer them equal status with the homeland in a federation. This has been tried elsewhere and it has worked for a while in some cases, but the underground Portuguese Left regards it as no more than a camouflaged form of the same old exploitation. The dominant Right, on the other hand, is infuriated. They have learned nothing from the American experience in Indochina, or from the shambles in which Salazar left the country. Spinola's call for a free, democratic federation sounded treasonable to them. They cashiered Spinola, who was serving as deputy chief of staff, and when his superior, Gen. Francisco de Costa Gomes, tried to support Spinola, he went out as well.

This leaves Premier Caetano in a quandary. When he succeeded Salazar he realized that Portugal had to move with the times; he also felt that he had to temporize. In a right-wing dictatorship a moderate is *ipso facto* over a barrel. Caetano could not endorse the changes Spinola advocated. His own job was and is in jeopardy.

A lesson in statecraft could be learned from the experience of the two countries of the Iberian Peninsula. Both the Spanish and Portuguese Governments are in a state of disarray. The lesson is that rightist dictatorships solve nothing; they just sit on the lid. They can sit there for a long time, to be sure, but finally the lid blows.

Spinola has considerable backing among the younger officers in the army. They have been nourishing grievances for some time over pay, advancement and working conditions—and the inability of the military to win the war against the African guerrillas. In the latter respect they are not as badly off as the French were in Indochina, where the flower of the officer corps was sacrificed. But it remains a no-win war. As a result the country is impoverished, inflation is rampant—the cost of living rose 19 per cent in 1973—and a tenth of the labor force must go abroad to find work. The country subsists on the remittances they send home, on tourism, and on an inefficient industry protected by tariff walls. And the peasants are no better off than the urban workers.

If Caetano does not ride out the storm, the 79-year-old President, Americo Thomaz, an ardent rightist who demanded and got the dismissal of Generals Gomes and Spinola, may make the government over in an even more reactionary mold, which would amount to undisguised fascism. But Portugal will never be the same after Spinola's blast. The right man said the right thing at the right time. Sooner or later his ideas will come to fruition; whether by peaceful means or by violence does not depend on him.

Sterilization: Coercing Consent

Under the above title, we ran an article by Richard F. Babcock, Jr. in our issue of January 12 dealing with proposed guidelines for sterilization under the auspices of federally funded state and local agencies. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare published in the *Federal Register* of February 6 a statement of policy on "Sterilization of Persons by Federally Assisted Family Planning Projects." Of course "family planning" has a nice sound, but interested groups objected to certain provisions of the proposed guidelines. The National Welfare Rights Organization, with the Center for Law and Social Policy and the highly prestigious law firm of Arnold & Porter, have brought suit against H.E.W. in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, challenging the department's action. The case was argued early in March and Judge Gerhard A. Gesell, of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, has now handed down a most thoughtful decision. He has ordered H.E.W. to stop paying for the sterilization of children and the mentally incompetent and to redraft its regulations for all such operations performed on welfare patients. The number of sterilizations performed in this country, he noted, makes the practice a matter of wide significance. Indeed, it can be said that, what with the pressure to cut relief rolls and the alarm over population growth, there was a real danger that zealous social workers would increasingly trespass on the inalienable rights of their clients.

Judge Gesell would not ban, nor did the suit request it, sterilization of adults who voluntarily request the operation after being given full understanding of its implications. But he cites the case of a pregnant woman who was refused medical attention unless she agreed to a sterilization operation after giving birth. And of course this entire controversy was stirred up by the case of two mentally deficient girls who were sterilized at the instigation of the Montgomery, Ala. Family Planning Clinic, a federally funded facility, when their illiterate mother had signed the necessary papers with an "X." Acts of this sort the judge terms "arbitrary and unreasonable."

The government workers who practiced what must be called coerced sterilization would plausibly claim that their motives were disinterested and humane, but that does not alter the fact that they were forcing irreversible decisions on people over whom they exercised economic power. The pros and cons of sterilization are therefore not at issue here; what is at issue is that our form of government and our understanding of social ethics do not permit anyone to impose that sort of choice upon other human beings. Judge Gesell is to be commended for defining so clearly the limits of benevolent interference on the part of the government.

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Lancing the Files

The opening into the wall of bureaucratic secrecy, which Carl Stern of NBC News forced by invoking the Freedom of Information Act in the matter of J. Edgar Hoover's illegal disruption and harassment of groups he found obnoxious [see editorial, "Project 'Cointelpros,'" *The Nation*, February 9], continues to throw light on FBI activities which the present director, Clarence Kelley, defends. He tells us that at the moment his agency does not engage in them, but since he appears to see no objection to breaking the law in order to preserve it, his assurance is small comfort.

It now becomes evident from a second batch of papers released by Attorney General Saxbe that Mr. Hoover took every precaution to keep Cointelpros secret not only from the public but even from his bosses. Three successive Attorneys General—Clark, Katzenbach and Kleindienst—were not shown memos on the FBI's use of *agents provocateurs*, fake arrests and inspired news stories against organizations, both of the Right and the Left. Hoover's practice of making FBI information available to journalists who could be trusted to write favorable stories is particularly depressing, since it casts doubts on the ethics both of a powerful government agency and of a profession basic to the welfare of a democracy. The columnist Jack Anderson, for example, has publicly admitted that he was shown raw FBI files as long as he agreed to write stories supporting Hoover, and that he was cut off when his comments turned critical. It is extraordinary that a man of Anderson's political sophistication should have been willing to make secret deals with Hoover, the supercop, or with any other government official.

Former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark has called for a public investigation of the FBI's covert attack upon dissident groups in the years 1961 to 1971. Given the attitude of the present FBI director toward the rancid facts that have thus far come out, the need for such an investigation is compelling.

A Splendid Nomination

Odd nominations for the Nobel Peace Prize are a staple of political publicity, e.g., Richard M. Nixon, Henry Kissinger. Bombing cities in a small country by a major power is no impediment to nomination. Nevertheless there have been some excellent Nobel awards in the field of peace, both to individuals and organizations, and this year an American who richly deserves it has been nominated.

It is not generally known that Ernest Gruening earned an M.D. from Harvard (1912) before he turned to journalism and politics. He never practiced, but worked first on daily papers as a reporter, rewrite man and editor. From the outset he was a liberal Democrat and an opponent of imperialism and national aggression. After service in World War I he wrote for the leading periodicals of the era and was managing editor and editor of *The Nation* for several years until Franklin D. Roosevelt drafted him for a post in the Department of Interior, with jurisdiction over the territories of Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and some smaller islands in the Pacific. In 1939 President Roosevelt appointed him territorial governor of Alaska; twenty years later, when Alaska, under Gruening's leadership, had achieved statehood, he became its first Senator.

He probably would still be representing Alaska in the Senate, were it not for the fact that is most to his credit in a career of nearly seventy years of constructive achievement, and which alone would qualify him for the peace prize. Beginning in 1963, he went all out to oppose the war in Vietnam. Generally moderate in speech, he denounced the war in a series of eloquent yet down-to-earth statements: "I consider the life of one American worth more than this putrid mess." With Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon, he voted against the 1964 Tonkin Gulf resolution and against successive Vietnam appropriation bills. The American people finally followed Gruening, an octogenarian, in opposition to the war.

On February 6, 1974, on the occasion of his 87th birthday, the former Senator was the guest, on the floor of the Senate, of his colleague George McGovern, who noted for the *Congressional Record* of that date (p. S 1354) that Senator Gruening had been an "indefatigable champion of peace" for decades. As a journalist he inveighed against the gunboat diplomacy of the 1920s, and throughout his career he was a foe of imperialism and predatory nationalism.

In the January 29th *Washington Post*, Richard J. Barnet, reviewing Gruening's biography, *Many Battles*, called it the "uplifting story of an authentic hero": "You come away from [it] with a clearer appreciation of the tradition in which the current political battles against militarism, racism and subversion in high places are being fought, and a realization that these battles are but part of a continuing struggle to create a decent society."

A less known aspect of Gruening's crusading is his participation in the birth control movement, which is closely related to the peace movement. Here again Gruening, with Margaret Sanger and other farsighted leaders, was ahead of his time. He advocated enlightened family planning from the first decade of the century on, when the very concept was considered obscene by a majority of Americans, and its sponsors risked not only unpopularity but jail. By all indications the "population explosion" will be an underlying cause of future wars; there is no guarantee that the "underdeveloped" nations will starve as quietly as inhabitants of the sub-Sahara countries are starving by the thousands today.

Sens. Mark Hatfield and Frank Church have now joined Senator McGovern in nominating Gruening for the 1974 Nobel Peace Prize. The *Anchorage Daily News* (February 13) refers to Gruening as "a peace prophet, whose anti-war decisions were preludes to the mushrooming peace movement . . . the spark that fired the nation's young to protest the war in Vietnam." The Alaska legislature "wholeheartedly and enthusiastically supports and endorses the nomination of Ernest Gruening for the Nobel Peace Prize and respectfully requests the members . . . to give every consideration to the nomination of this great and distinguished Alaskan, American and world humanitarian." And of course *The Nation*, with which Mr. Gruening retains a connection as editorial consultant, is happy to add its voice to those already on record.

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JAPAN'S SPRING TRASHING

JOHN HERRICK

Tokyo

There's already been a bumper crop of strikes this year, with the coal miners forcing a general election in Great Britain and a massive strike by public service workers in West Germany. But the prize for a vintage year may go to the Spring Labor Offensive in Japan, which is scheduled to reach its peak with a paralyzing general strike in April.

The new year opened in Japan with three days of labor riots by day workers living in the Sanya flophouse district of Tokyo. Angered by rising prices and a sudden shortage of jobs because of the oil crisis, the day laborers went on a rampage, stoning cars, breaking into shops and vandalizing homes. The Liberal-Democratic government of Prime Minister Tanaka quickly bought off the disgruntled workers, offering them a subsistence allowance for those days they were unable to find jobs in the local version of a shape-up. The allowance was the equivalent of about $2.30 a day, and hundreds of workers lined up outside the Taito Ward Office to collect.

But buying off the big trade unions in Japan won't be that easy, or that cheap. Most of them started out the year demanding average monthly pay hikes of 30 per cent. After taking a later look at the rate of inflation—wholesale prices went up 5.5 per cent in January alone—many of them raised the ante almost to 40 per cent, and some went higher. The All Japan Seaman's Union is asking for a monthly hike of 50,000 yen (41 per cent), and the Federation of Japanese Iron and Steel Workers Unions is asking for 47,000 yen—three and a half times the wage increase it got last year.

The unions in Japan, like those in England, have close political ties, primarily with the Japan Socialist Party, the strongest opposition force in the country, or with the very moderate and much smaller Democratic Socialist Party. The General Council of Trade Unions, with more than 4 million members, makes no bones about the political nature of the upcoming series of strikes. The council is associated with the Japan Socialist Party, and one avowed goal of the spring offensive is to topple the Tanaka administration. (In theory, that shouldn't be hard, since Prime Minister Tanaka is doing even worse than President Nixon in public opinion polls.) But the unions' second thoughts on the size of the raises they want weren't only, or even mainly, political.

Statistics from the Bank of Japan show that the wholesale price index this January was up 34 per cent from January of last year. The index has been rising steadily every month for two years and, again according to Bank of Japan data, 1973 wholesale prices went up faster in Japan than in any other major industrial country. The United States came in third, with an 18.2 per cent increase.

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Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka

So far, consumer prices haven't zoomed quite as fast, but that's cold comfort for the Japanese public. Big business here has shown no hesitation at all in passing along cost hikes, with a little something added, to the consumer. In January, the Ministry of International Trade and Industry released figures showing that, for instance, production costs for synthetic fibers went up 9.4 per cent, while the price went up 52 per cent. Taxi fares went up 29 per cent, allegedly because of higher prices for liquefied petroleum gas, which is what Tokyo taxis use for fuel. But one Tokyo journalist checked to find out just how many liters of LPG the average taxi burned a day, and multiplied that by the increase in price per liter. Result: the cost of running the taxi increased about $1.25 a day. The meter now registers about 75¢ when the flag drops, so it shouldn't take long to make that up.

The increase has had one benefit. Tokyo taxis will now gladly accept all would-be customers, even at night, whereas before they had a tendency to go whizzing past unless one waved a hand with two or three fingers extended, indicating the figure by which the fare on the meter could be multiplied.

Capitalism, as practiced in Japan, might make even the ghost of Jay Gould blanch. One major petrochemical company, Mitsubishi Petrochemical, racked up a 270 per cent increase in profits in the second half of 1973.

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Not bad by any standard, but really fantastic on a slightly more than 30 per cent increase in sales. The Miyoshi Oil and Fats Co. also did well: profits after taxes jumped 430 per cent. Sales increased a modest 46.8 per cent, but the company also increased its prices by an average of 28 per cent. The former executive director of the company, Toshiyuki Miki, explained that the price increases were "inevitable" because of the higher costs for raw materials. He was promoted to president.

It would seem that management should be in fine shape to grant some wage increases, but Takeshi Sakurada, chairman of the Federation of Employers Associations, doesn't see it that way. He said at a press conference earlier this year that attempts to absorb rising labor costs by boosting prices are reaching their limit and that as a result companies are being forced to keep their profits at a minimum. The federation also claims that Japanese wages are already on a par with those in Europe and has warned that a 30 per cent increase would boost consumer prices 24 per cent, assuming that the economic growth rate is zero. The government agrees, and has urged the unions to demand relatively small increases (the government and big business agree all too often in Japan, according to the more critical consumer groups and the opposition Socialist Party). The unions insist that their wage claims are "relatively small" already. The 20 per cent they won after a series of bitter strikes last year has been entirely wiped out by inflation, and prices are expected to go on climbing. The second, and larger, increase in crude oil prices didn't really start to hit Japan until February, because of the long delivery time.

As a government, the ruling Liberal-Democrats have taken a relatively benign view of the astronomical profits raked in by most major manufacturers and trading companies in Japan. The party bowed, slightly, to pressure from the opposition in February and offered to introduce an excess profits tax bill in parliament. But excess profits are to be defined in the government-sponsored bill as those exceeding 195 per cent of average annual profits in three years ending in February 1973, and profits at that level will be taxed at 25 per cent. The government, of course, emphasizes the 25 per cent; the opposition looks harder at the 195 per cent. Government spokesmen have also, for public consumption, issued several tongue-lashings about profiteering, but most of the comments have been restricted to seemingly unnecessary warnings that laws would be strictly enforced if companies weren't more careful. This empty bluster hasn't gone over well with the unions, and one highly publicized meeting between business representatives and Prime Minister Tanaka was described as a farce by the chairman of the General Council of Trade Unions.

As a political party, the Liberal-Democrats have been taking a somewhat harder line. Their fund-raising body raised monthly political dues for industry by 410 per cent, shooting for an annual operating revenue of $11 million. Most major corporations are asked to join this "supporters club."

In their capacity as civic leaders, Japan's top businessmen also engage in public relations. Four influential economic organizations—the Japan Chamber of Commerce, the Japan Committee for Economic Development, the Federation of Employers Organizations and the Federation of Economic Organizations—released a joint declaration early this year promising to refrain from raising prices and to make every effort to absorb cost increases. However, the statement went on to explain that the determination to hold the price line was not absolute, and what this meant became all too clear in the next few days as these same business leaders announced a series of price hikes on the order of 10 per cent.

A lot of the price increases in the last few months were tied to the oil shortage. There are numerous signs of the shortage in Tokyo. The once brightly lit capital now looks at night as if it expected an air attack. The long corridors in office buildings are dim even during the day, and many escalators and elevators have been turned off. It's even possible for the first time in memory to sit without sweating in the lobbies of Tokyo's giant hotels. The government has urged major power consumers to cut consumption by 15 per cent.

If the government achieved that goal, Japan should soon start floating in a sea of oil, because the one place where the oil shortage never did show up was in the import statistics. In January 1974, crude oil imports were expected to show a 2.7 per cent increase over imports in January last year. That isn't the order of increase Japan has been used to, but it's not a 15 per cent cut either, and falls far short of the figures industry used to justify price rises. There are now several signs of ample oil supplies. Some gas stations in Tokyo are once more giving discounts to regular customers. Kerosene prices, which were among the first to jump, have begun to fall back.

In light of all this, the unions feel they are demanding no more than their fair share of the profits. Government warnings that wages must be held down are angrily rejected. The chairman of the General Council of Trade Unions, Mr. Ichikawa, has accused the government of trying to discourage public support for the Spring Labor Offensive by concentrating on the need to suppress wages in order to defeat inflation.

The unions are making a strong bid for public approval of their action this spring—particularly because last spring's offensive ended in violence. Labor's major level is its control of railway workers, among the most militant unionists in Japan. During a "work-to-rule" slowdown last year, commuters who were packed tight on stopped trains and jammed into train stations vented their anger by destroying passenger cars, threatening train workers, breaking vending machines and generally trashing several major train stations in Tokyo.

This year the major rail unions have promised to try to avoid slowdowns; instead, they will simply strike—although one of their demands is the right to strike, which the law denies public service employees in Japan. The unions hope that the public will be less angered by the chance to stay home than they were by a hopeless fight to get to work and back.

The opening gun of the Spring Labor Offensive this year was a one-day general transport strike on March

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1. That will be followed by another one-day general strike on March 26. Since the major cities depend heavily on an extensive system of public and private urban transport, even a one-day strike is crippling.

In the meantime, the Spring Offensive Joint Struggle Committee, representing about 180 unions with more than 8 million members, will launch a major publicity campaign. Union officials plan to push during the early stages of the offensive for an expanded welfare program, increased benefits for low-income groups and help for those living on pensions. Among other things, they will ask for livelihood guarantees for low-income groups and unorganized labor, as well as a 30,000 yen ($100) "inflation welfare allowance."

Makoto Ichikawa, who is chairman of both the Spring Labor Offensive Joint Struggle Committee and of the General Council of Trade Unions, has called for massive public demonstrations in downtown Tokyo, and particularly around the Japanese parliament building, to condemn "the pursuit of excess profits by big business at the expense of the workers."

The climax of the offensive is to be a prolonged general strike, covering rails, mail and telephone service, to start around April 10. The Joint Struggle Committee talks about a ten-day general strike, but the Federation of Private Railway Workers vows that the April strike "will not end" until management comes up with a satisfactory offer. In another bid for public support, which will compound the pain for management, the unions are also demanding that public service charges, including railway fares, be frozen.

The massive public demonstrations are to reach their peak at about the same time as the April general strike, and even union leaders are worried about an explosion of anger over higher prices and shortages. The protest marches, which are expected to surpass the historic protests against the U.S.-Japan security pact in 1960, will be fertile ground for an outbreak of consumer outrage. They may come at a time when consumers in Japan begin to feel the same kind of frustration that hit the day laborers in the Sanya flophouse district at the beginning of the year.

Public anger is directed more against the government and the big trading companies than against the unions this year, but many observers predict that train stations will again be trashed. There are also many man-in-the-street predictions of attacks on the parliament and other government offices. And, as if that weren't enough, the secretary-general of the General Council of Trade Unions, Shogo Oki, has warned that there may be another labor offensive later in the year, if prices continue to go up. □

SCENARIO REALITY

A NEW BRAND OF TERRORISM

DESMOND SMITH

It looks as though the people who were saying that terrorism, whether of the Left or from the Right, is dead, will have to think again. It looks as though the Symbionese Liberation Army has managed to do what the SDS failed to do in 1968: it has staged a media *coup d'état* and to a very large extent it has succeeded. In San Francisco, activist-lawyer William Kunstler told a reporter: "I see it as a kind of Tupamaro situation. That was a demand to free prisoners, not for financial benefit, but to return something to an oppressed people. This is the hostage concept, that sees the value of holding people as a last resort for achieving something else."

What ought to be noted is that, quite apart from Patricia Hearst, a great newspaper, the *San Francisco Examiner*, has also been taken hostage. Under instructions from its publisher, Randolph Hearst, the newspaper has bent over backward to publish without comment every "communiqué" from the SLA. Moreover, it has drastically altered the tone in which it has been reporting pretrial maneuverings of the two SLA suspects who were arrested after the gunning down of Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster last November. Not only the Hearst publishing and broadcasting group but every major news organization in the United States has carried daily items about the San Francisco terrorists. The astonishing sight of tens of thousands of Oakland residents receiving "free food" was witnessed by more than 60 million Americans on the three major television newscasts, and read about by additional millions thanks to the Associated Press and the UPI.

In an earlier article ["Wounded Knee: the Media *Coup d'Etat*," *The Nation*, June 25, 1973], I advanced the thesis that, in an age of mass media, an individual or a determined band of political zealots could achieve a *coup d'état* without firing a shot. Until very recently it was necessary for them to seize physically railway stations, legislatures, police headquarters or other key national facilities. In countries with well-developed mass communications this approach is old hat. All that is needed for a media *coup d'état* is a dramatic situation; after that the media itself takes over. The media continue to equate bad news with big news—a factor that works mightily in favor of the terrorists. As Colin Low pointed out in *The Question of Television Violence*, there has always been an "implicit *respect* for violence in the selection and emphasis of news and commentary." A brief glance at the media successes of the Black September terrorists is sufficient to confirm that such methods work; after twenty

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years of obscurity the Palestinian cause became front-page news. In the past six years, intelligence experts have chronicled 432 major acts of international terrorism, including 235 bombings, ninety-three hijackings, and at least fifty-seven kidnappings. At least 196 people have been killed and another 300 were injured as a result of these operations, and ransom payments have run into millions of dollars.

This new breed of terrorists operates on image and illusion. They are media-sophisticated; they operate in hard-to-infiltrate small groups; and most of them share the simplistic notion that instant politico-economic cure-alls can be attained by internationally publicized blackmail. "One person," writes Jerry Rubin, "doing the right thing at the right time can create a myth. . . . TV time goes to those with the most guts and imagination."

The upsurge of media-aware terrorists poses new questions that strike at the heart of how journalists respond to such "events." In the process other questions arise: Who are these terrorists? How do they create their scenarios? What is the reality beyond their rhetoric?

A case in point is the Hearst kidnapping. The scenario closely follows that of the Costa-Gavras movie *State of Siege*. In that film, as you may recall, a group of urban guerrillas kidnap an American police official on loan to a South American government. With commando precision, they seize him at his suburban home, bundle him into a truck, transfer him to a car, and take him to a hideout in another part of the city. Within hours they issue a communiqué taking credit for the kidnapping and posing a list of demands. After several weeks of worldwide publicity, the guerrillas shoot their victim. The press is portrayed as sympathetic to the guerrilla cause.

In the Hearst case there is no doubt at all that the media —both print and broadcast—have helped foster the image that the terrorists were seeking. There has been little or no analysis, commentary or editorial condemnation of the kidnapping. In the Bay Area almost every communiqué issued by the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army ("What army?" asked one law-enforcement official) has been read in part or whole without interpretation. Miss Hearst, the public has been informed, is with a "combat unit of the SLA," she is being held a "prisoner" under terms of the "Geneva Convention," and so forth.

Tom De Vries, writing from San Francisco for *The Village Voice*, noted that "the tone of the press here—the media being observed most carefully by Patty Hearst's kidnappers—is subdued, un-bloodthirsty, even sympathetic toward the SLA." Within days of the kidnapping the San Francisco terrorists provided a new page to the scenario of media manipulation.

As with TV advertising, which first tells us that we have a problem (B.O.) and then offers a cure (deodorant soap), so with the SLA. They quickly tempered the bad news (kidnap) with the good news (a food giveaway program). Duncan Spencer, in the Washington, D.C. *Star-News* reported: "Quite calmly, San Francisco has accepted the SLA and its demands; visible each day is the astonishing sight of leaders of social activism joining hands to implement plans for a food giveaway made under a threat of death for Patricia Hearst."

The effect of the SLA-inspired "People in Need" food program has been largely to neutralize the normal public response to the lurid crime of kidnapping. Indeed, revulsion and horror have been replaced by a growing curiosity in the unfolding drama. In San Francisco the massive coverage has had the effect of putting an amplifier to a single heartbeat. Television stations KGO, KPIX and KRON, the Pacifica radio station KPFA (recipient of the Patricia Hearst tapes) and the Hearst press have been particularly aggressive in providing a kind of hometown diary of the doings, real or imaginary, of this group of invisible "revolutionaries."

"The stereotype, once established, creates its own folklore, which becomes in itself a centralizing force," wrote Hugh Trevor-Roper in *The European Witch Crazes of the 16th and 17th Century*. And he went on: "Because separate persons attached their illusions to the same imaginary pattern, they made that pattern real to others."

Thus news managers searching for a headline, or a suitable angle to the Hearst kidnapping, grasp eagerly the terrorists' view of themselves as potential Che Gueveras, committed "to destroy . . . the capitalist state and all its value systems." Myth has been given shape and reality begins to conform with it.

In the late 1960s, following the big student revolts, a new form of extremism originated in France. It was called "situationism." This obscure but compelling doctrine is about reality: capitalism, it argues, has created a "spectacle" or a "façade" which pretends to be reality and binds the masses to "pseudo-needs" and "pseudo-politics." Capitalism quite deliberately makes life "banal." The revolutionary task, therefore, is to knock down every "façade" and liberate the revolution by "action."

It is possible to argue that an American variant of situationism has followed the breakup of The Movement. What can be clearly seen today is that numerous small groups dedicated to organizing the victims of the capitalist system have emerged in the 1970s—Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation, tenants' movements, community control groups, group therapy collectives and a swarm of others. Parallel to their mushroom growth has been the demand of a better-informed public for more and more information about current events. The result has been a great deal of access by such groups to the mass media. TV and radio news programs in particular have become a powerful force encouraging social ferment. The big meeting, the march, the protest rally, have all become familiar scenes on the evening news. And, as anyone connected with such activities knows only too well, drama and a hint of conflict will guarantee heavy media coverage. A quiet, orderly meeting to discuss the issues will, on the other hand, invariably go unreported. Put simply, action-obsessed groups get coverage; the others do not.

It is from just such organizations concerned with the powerless or the frustrated that the Baader-Meinhof group in Germany, the Angry Brigade in Britain, and the Symbionese Liberation Army in the United States seem to have emerged. Ulrike Meinhof, for example, worked with delinquent girls until she convinced herself to teach them to take up arms against a society that defined them

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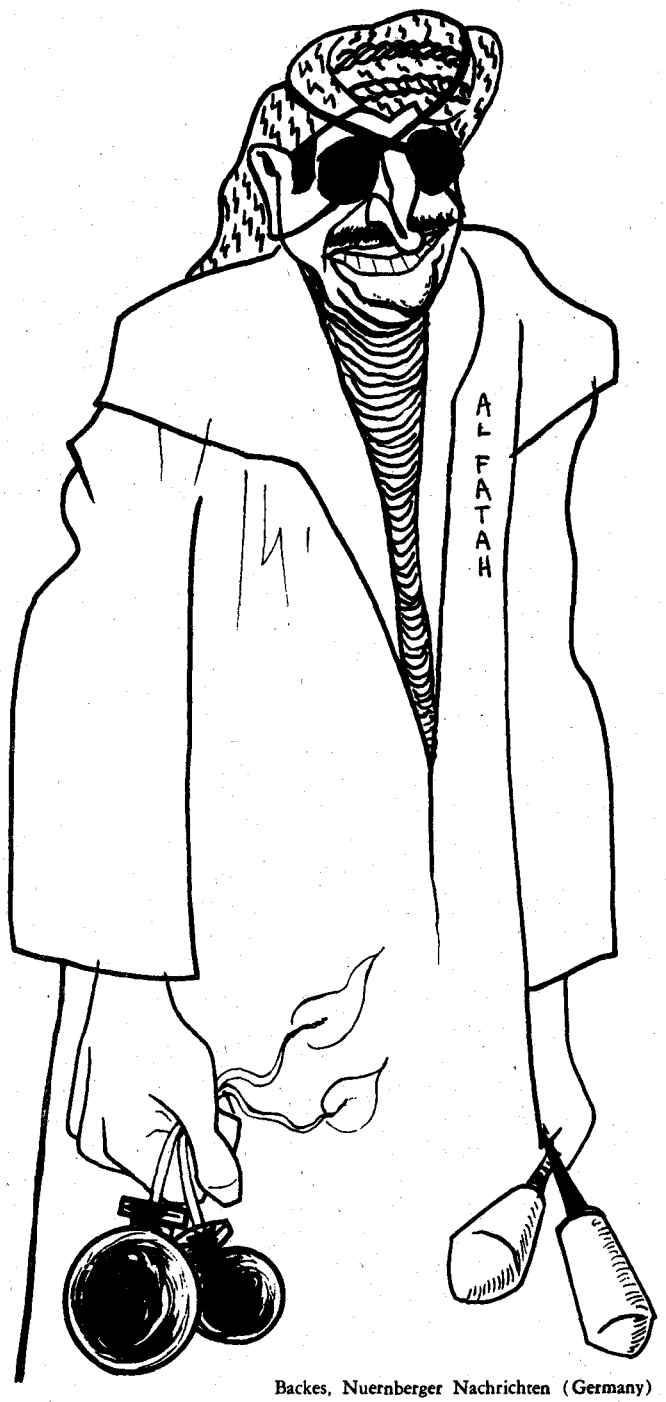
into delinquency. Four of the ten-member Angry Brigade, who were subsequently sentenced to ten years in jail, had spent time in women's communes or squatters' groups and claimed to have been driven to terrorism by their experiences. The Symbionese Liberation Army is believed to have had its origins in a discussion group program conducted between outsiders and inmates in California's Soledad Prison. "Field-Marshal Cinque" (the name of a slave revolt leader) is thought to be an escaped convict named Donald David De Freeze. He has a history of crime and serious mental disorder.



Backes, Nuernberger Nachrichten (Germany)

What all such groups have shared is a distorted vision that the conspiratorial will of a few powerful people is responsible for the ills of society. In many of the melodramas which they have invented the press has been an integral part of the scenario, and in all cases it has been the willing transmission belt for the ideas—however confused—of these extremists.

The methods and goals of these groups do not necessarily suggest insanity, but the lurid excitement of their adventures must work strongly on unbalanced personality, and as time goes on evidence is mounting that an increasing number of apparently "political" crimes are carried out by the mentally disturbed. Mental abnormality in the 1970s has found a front page and a TV screen through which to satisfy the craving for attention.

Hiroko Nagata was a 28-year-old Japanese pharmacy student and a member of the "Red Army" when she was arrested for her part in the "Snow Murders." Fourteen Red Army members had been stripped bare, tied up and left to die on a remote mountain slope. Nagata was the author of the *sokatsu* doctrine, a Japanese word that means "a process of bringing together isolated facts to form one coherent principle." She used it as a recipe for murder. She also wrote: "When the process of *sokatsu* starts only death awaits." Sexually unbalanced, she paid particular attention to the female victims, shaving their heads and destroying their "bourgeois" tendencies like wearing make-up and showing affection for the opposite sex.

The psychiatrists who examined this so-called revolutionary put her behavior down to "unbalanced sexual jealousy." The Baader-Meinhof gang was fascinated by the powerful Mercedes-Benzes and Porsches that they would steal. They bought weapons from Al Fatah, wore 9 mm pistols all the time. Ulrike Meinhof, who had been married to a rich and influential left-wing publisher, was very much part of West Germany's radical chic. Perhaps through boredom and lack of direction, she drifted to more extreme ideas about the state. Ultimately the terror—well-publicized in Germany's pop press—escalated from bombing empty buildings to attempted murder and shoot-outs with the police.

In Argentina Angel Bengochea formed a "guerrilla group" which had neither name nor ideology. He recruited four young people, proceeded to rent a luxury apartment and filled it with guns, bazookas, hand grenades, rockets and dynamite. This lethal collection exploded bringing down the entire 7-story building and in the process killing Bengochea and his followers. Police found his obituary addressed to his wife: "I know we cannot achieve a just society unless we achieve what is human by inhuman ways."

In Ireland, the climate of terror is attracting the unbalanced. A Belfast psychiatrist has noted that the number of psychopaths admitted to local hospitals has fallen dramatically; they are acting out their fantasies in the streets.

For the moment these terrorists of a new breed have a lot going for them. They sell newspapers and provide audiences for the rating wars that preoccupy the broadcast media. In the long run, however, the media must come up with new ways of reporting the crimes of illusory guerrilla "armies" and mentally disturbed would-be assassins. Contrary to what Jerry Rubin discerned, the real business of the press is reporting the news, not creating it. □

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THE DANGER OF STATE SECRECY

THOMAS I. EMERSON

Secrecy has always been a crucial feature of the governmental process, but the expansion of government functions and the development of mass communications have given it new dimensions and made it a challenging issue of our day. Thus the American people and the whole world were taken to the brink of atomic war in the Cuban missile crisis, without knowing what was going on. In the U-2 affair, not only was the country unaware of the flights over Soviet territory but one of our most revered Presidents was caught in a flagrant lie. Cambodia was subject to extensive bombing for more than a year while the American people were told it was not happening and elaborate machinery was set up by the military bureaucracy to conceal the facts. Most recently, a massive network of deceit has been uncovered in the White House itself.

These are just a few of the shocking peaks of government secrecy; the day-to-day ramifications of secrecy permeate every level of government and create more pervasive and equally difficult problems. The effect of secrecy upon the operation of modern government is baleful and the task of controlling it is enormous. All that can be done here is, very briefly, to examine some of the basic philosophic and political considerations that underlie the use of secrecy in government, make note of some constitutional and statutory tools for dealing with the problem, and suggest some working rules for achieving a more just and effective mode of operation.

It long has been recognized that information is a source of power. The President controls foreign relations in large part because he alone has access to critical information about events in foreign countries and our responses to them. Similarly, the power of the executive branch to formulate an economic program, such as one to deal with the energy crisis, flows out of the massive volume of facts and figures stored in the files of the bureaucracy. And the withholding of information from other participants in the governmental process is well understood to be a method of aggrandizing and in fact monopolizing power. Control of access to the factual material closes off public debate, eases the task of responding to criticism, and ultimately confirms the whole decision-making process to those who possess the crucial information.

As a general proposition, secrecy in a democratic society is a source of *illegitimate* power. This is so for a number of reasons.

In the first place, withholding of information by any part of the government is in direct conflict with democratic principles of decision making. Under our constitutional theory, the people are the masters and government is the servant, and it is incongruous that the master should be denied the information upon which to direct the activities of his servants. This is not just abstract theory. Regardless of how well the democratic process may work, regardless of the extent to which our mechanisms of government actually allow the ordinary citizen to participate in making choices, *no* rational choice can be made in the absence of adequate information.

Furthermore, under our constitutional system each branch of government has a part to play. For one branch to keep secret from another branch information it needs to perform its function, is to undermine the whole principle of the separation but coordination of powers. In the case of the legislative branch, the need for access to information possessed by the executive is virtually co-extensive with that of the executive branch. In the case of the judicial branch, the need is less extensive but fully necessary in those areas where it exists.

Second, withholding information from citizens of a democratic society is unjust, morally wrong. We fully accept that when the government makes a decision about the fate of an individual, such as to confine him to prison or deprive him of his property, justice requires that he be afforded due process of law. And due process involves, as its most basic element, that the citizen be furnished all the information upon which the decision in his case is founded. What difference does it make whether the governmental decision at issue affects only a single citizen or many citizens collectively? There may be practical difficulties in establishing appropriate procedures in the latter case, but the issue of affording justice is the same. In other words, in our society the individual has a moral right to exercise control over his own destiny. It is the minimum price demanded by him, and owed to him, for bowing to collective authority.

Third, to the extent that information is withheld from a citizen the basis for government control over him becomes coercion, not persuasion. The citizen is given no rational ground for accepting a decision; he must submit to it as a matter of force. It is the obligation of democratic government to suppress the use of coercion and encourage the factor of acquiescence, but no such policy is possible when the operation of government is secret. Indeed, secrecy is the very mark of totalitarian government.

Fourth, secrecy is politically unwise. In the long run it leads not to support of government but to disaffection. One reason for this is that the concealment of information tends to engender anxiety, fear, panic and extremism. It eliminates the possibility that the citizenry can face its problems on a rational basis and leaves room only for irrational response. Moreover, the disaffection thus aroused leads to suppression, and that in turn demands more secrecy. The process, as we are beginning to be aware, can accelerate.

Fifth, secrecy is totally inconsistent with the ultimate need for confidence in government that is essential to suc-

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cessful administration of public affairs and peaceful social change. Concealment of information by its nature leads to affirmative deception. In the end, however, much of the information will come out, partly by the passage of time, partly by leaks, partly by the efforts of a free press. The result is a credibility gap, one of the most ominous developments in modern government.

Broadly speaking, then, secrecy in government accompanies evil in government. There is, indeed, a symbiotic relationship—government wrongs are kept secret because they are evil; and evil is done because it can be kept secret.

Historically, no clear mandate for banning secrecy in government resulted from the work of the Constitutional Convention (indeed its own sessions were secret). The Constitution expressly provides that some operations of Congress might be kept from public view in that, while each house is obliged to keep and publish a journal of its proceedings, it is not required to publish "such parts as might in [its] judgment require secrecy." And President Washington refused on several occasions to provide Congress with documents which he determined should be withheld in the public interest. On the other hand, some provisions of the original Constitution were designed to eliminate secrecy in the workings of government. In voting on bills in each house, the "yeas and nays of the members . . . on any question shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal." Similar provision for public accountability was made with respect to voting on the overriding of a Presidential veto.

Not until recent times, however, did a constitutional basis for open government begin to emerge. The applicable doctrines are derived mainly from modern ideas concerning the separation of powers, the First Amendment and due process of law. Limitations are to be found primarily in the constitutional right of privacy. But despite some advance in these concepts, as yet only the bare outlines of effective constitutional doctrine can be discerned.

Separation of powers is normally conceived as prohibiting each branch of government from interfering with the work of another, but it can also be viewed affirmatively, in more modern terms, as including the right of each branch to receive from another such assistance as it needs to carry out its functions. As already noted, this would give the legislative branch virtually unlimited access to any information possessed by the executive branch, because the power of Congress to appropriate funds, to oversee the work of the executive branch, and to enact laws generally would give it a right of access to almost the entire spectrum of information held by the executive.

The principal constitutional limitation upon these powers, advanced by the executive branch historically and currently, has been the doctrine of executive privilege. More detailed treatment of the legitimate scope of executive privilege is reserved for later consideration. Here it suffices to say that, while the doctrine has been relied on from time to time over the years (though the term "executive privilege" is a more recent coinage), the issues have ordinarily been settled in the political rather than the judicial arena, and usually by compromise. As a result, there is little constitutional law on the subject. The only court decisions which deal squarely with it are the rulings of the District and Circuit courts for the District of Columbia in the recent Watergate tapes case. Both those courts forcefully rejected the extravagant contention of Mr. Nixon and his lawyers that executive privilege allowed the President to withhold any information that he deemed required secrecy in the "public interest." The exact scope of executive privilege, however, remains undefined.

The main constitutional basis for the proposition that the operations of government should be open to the ordinary citizen lies in the First Amendment. Here again, the constitutional provision has been traditionally conceived as enforcing a negative—that the government shall not in any manner interfere with the right of individuals or groups to freedom of expression. Two additional features of First Amendment law, however, have recently begun to take shape, and both are directly related to the maintenance of open government.

The first deals with the right of reporters, scholars and other gatherers of facts to have access to sources of information. Obviously any system of freedom of expression must recognize the establishment and maintenance of such a right. An untrammeled privilege to speak on a subject, but with no opportunity to obtain the relevant facts about that subject, guarantees but an empty freedom. The Supreme Court has dealt with this problem in only one case, involving the power of grand juries to compel newspaper reporters to reveal information obtained by them under a pledge of confidentiality. The Supreme Court recognized the basic constitutional right, agreeing that "news gathering" does "qualify for First Amendment protection," and adding, "without some protection for seeking out the news, freedom of the press could be eviscerated." But it refused to accept the specific First Amendment claim made in the case. Thus the general principle has been established but its application so far is limited.

The other development concerns what has come to be called the public's "right to know." The obverse of the right to speak, it embraces the right of persons to listen, to read, to observe; in short, to receive communications from others. The right to know implies, further, a right of access to the information necessary to enrich and make meaningful the basic guarantee. This right to know is a much more amorphous constitutional concept than the right to speak, and hence far more difficult to reduce to workable operating rules. Nevertheless it is fundamental to any system of freedom of expression that would meet the needs of a democratic society.

The Supreme Court first clearly acknowledged a constitutional right to know in a 1965 decision invalidating a federal statute that sought to impose restrictions upon receiving mail from abroad which had been designated by the government as "Communist political propaganda." In 1969 the Supreme Court, upholding the right of persons to read pornography in the privacy of their own homes, reaffirmed that "[i]t is now well established that the Constitution protects the right to receive information and ideas." And in the same year, in a case upholding the fairness doctrine for broadcasting, the Supreme Court declared that "[i]t is the right of the viewers and listeners, not the right of the broadcasters, which is paramount." Yet the Supreme Court, once again, has been loath to

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accord real substance to the right it has recognized in theory. In its most recent decision it declined to give any weight to the contention by a group of scholars that the government's refusal of a visa to a Belgian Marxist economist, who had been invited to lecture in the United States, violated their constitutional right to know.

The third possibility for invoking constitutional doctrine to bar secrecy in government grows out of an expansion of current concepts of due process of law. This ancient legal precept, first formulated in the Magna Carta, affirms that government decision making must follow procedures which the community recognizes to be just.

Due process has been applied most extensively to decision making by the judicial branch. And it is fair to say that, as a general proposition, it forbids the use of secret information in the judicial process. The basic rule in criminal cases is that, if the government refuses to reveal evidence upon which it relies, or withholds evidence known to be relevant to guilt or innocence, the court will dismiss the prosecution. No exceptions are permitted, even when national security is invoked as grounds for refusing to disclose. In civil cases the general rule is open to some exception. Thus, where a citizen sued the government for damages and sought information in the possession of the government, the Supreme Court held that the government might refuse to supply the information when national security would be jeopardized. On the other hand, where the government brings the civil action, the same rule as in criminal cases would seem to apply.

The requirements of due process also apply to decisions of the executive branch. In fact it is in the field of administrative law that the greatest expansion of due process has occurred. Here again, as in the judicial process, reliance upon evidence not disclosed to the parties is as a general proposition prohibited by due process concepts. Only in loyalty cases, where the government appeals to national security, have the courts wavered at all. Further, the right to compel disclosure of evidence in the possession of the government has steadily expanded.

Due process has had least application in the legislative sphere. Yet even here its concepts have been applied to the operation of legislative investigating committees.

The basic notions of due process, as already suggested, can clearly be extended to the use of secrecy in government operations. Decision making on a collective scale, it can be asserted, ought to follow the rules of fairness to the same degree as decision making that is directed against specific individuals or organizations. Access to all the facts, by all interested parties, is as essential to a just result in the one situation as in the other. The only difference is that in the individual case the facts are usually specific, whereas in the collective case they are general. This may make some difference in the form of rules necessary to implement the constitutional right, but it does not change the nature of the right asserted. One must concede, however, that the problem of government secrecy has thus far not been approached in these terms.

To complete the constitutional picture, it is necessary to consider the limitations imposed upon the obligation of the government to make information available to all citizens. As noted previously, these flow primarily out of the constitutional right of privacy. The right of privacy was first formulated by the Supreme Court in the Connecticut birth control case of 1965. Its parameters remain largely undefined, but the main concept is that the constitution recognizes with respect to each person a zone of privacy from which the government, its agents and its laws are excluded. The zone of privacy derives from the right of a person to live as an individual, in respects to which he or she is not responsible to the collective, and intrusions by the collective are constitutionally forbidden.

It follows that some information in the possession of the government may not be publicly disclosed without violating the constitutional right of privacy. The information thus protected would involve mainly personal matters found in personnel files, loyalty dossiers, or investigative reports not matured into litigation. The drawing of a specific line between public and private matter might not be easy in individual cases, but it would occasion no more difficulty than many other lines drawn in the course of

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constitutional adjudication. The goal is simply to eliminate from the public forum material that is of legitimate concern only to the individual involved.

This sketch of a constitutional framework for open government suggests the possibility of developing fundamental constitutional principles into a mandatory protective structure. But that point has not yet been reached, nor does it seem imminent. Meanwhile, reliance must be placed upon the possibility of solving the problem through legislation.

The basic power of the legislature to eliminate or curtail secrecy in government through statutory enactment is not open to question. The legislative branch is authorized to make laws dealing broadly with the organization and operation of the executive and judicial branches. The only limits upon this power would arise from a constitutional claim asserted on the basis of executive privilege, a possibly similar claim urged by the judiciary, and claims of privacy advanced by individual citizens. The scope of executive privilege, as noted above, is uncertain, but it is unlikely that the courts would employ that doctrine to nullify in any substantial degree statutory directions that the executive furnish the legislature with specified materials. The other limitations would present minimal problems to an open system.

Unfortunately, the existing statutory structure is primitive and ineffective. The Freedom of Information Act, passed in 1966, starts out bravely by asserting that "[e]ach agency, on request for identifiable records . . . shall make the records promptly available to any person." Thereafter, however, the statute provides for nine exceptions which take away most of what was previously granted. One of these exceptions, for example, provides that the statute does not apply to matters that are "specifically required by Executive order to be kept secret in the interest of national defense or foreign policy." This removes all classified material from the operation of the Act. Furthermore, the Supreme Court has held that the courts have no power under the Act to review the executive decision as to whether material was properly classified or to force the executive to separate out classified from unclassified material embodied in a single document. In addition, the executive agencies have interposed serious administrative obstacles to the obtaining of information, even when it is rightfully available under the statute. State statutes, mostly providing for open meetings of legislative bodies, have made even fewer inroads on government secrecy.

The statutory scheme for eliminating government secrecy needs a substantial overhauling. That revision is not likely to come, however, until there is more general agreement on basic principles and more careful study of specific working rules. To that problem we now turn.

Remarkably little attention has been paid to the details of a system of nonsecret government. Discussion has centered around broad questions of whether executive privilege should exist, or has focused on the validity of executive privilege in a particular situation. Thus the development of a comprehensive set of basic principles and working rules has been slow to mature.

The underlying principle must be that decisions which the government makes without disclosing to all parties concerned the full information on which they are based cannot be considered a legitimate exercise of governmental power. This principle derives from the philosophical and political considerations set forth earlier. It means that any withholding of information in the governmental process must be an exception, expressly justified as such. The basis for making an exception must be that nondisclosure is unarguably essential to the performance of a proper government function. It is not sufficient that disclosure would simply make the function more difficult to perform or would change it in some way. Quite the contrary, it is to be expected that open operation of government, such as the deliberation of a legislative committee, might result in substantial change both in form and substance. Only where secrecy is inherent in a specific operation can it be justified.

Starting from these premises, one must define specific areas of exceptions. The first involves the advice privilege. It authorizes withholding information relevant to that part of the decision-making process which relies upon free and frank discussion with subordinate, coordinate or superior officials. The justification is a sad but true reflection on modern bureaucracy—unless such an exchange of ideas, trying out of proposals, and general brainstorming is kept confidential, the whole process of reaching a reasoned decision is acutely impeded. This exception is most applicable to decision making in the executive branch, where the bureaucratic process is especially inhibited unless protection is afforded for new, experimental or offbeat ideas. It is also applicable to some parts of the judicial process, particularly in connection with court conferences for decision making or in relations between a judge and his law clerk. The exception is least applicable to the legislative process, being limited, perhaps, to personal interchange between members of the legislature and to the relation of a member to his staff. Furthermore, in its application to all branches of government, the advice exception applies only to statements of opinion or ideas, not to matters of fact; it is not legitimately invoked with respect to discussions involving commission of a crime; and it requires the separation of privileged material from unprivileged, with only the former subject to nondisclosure.

A second exception relates to national security. The largest amount of government secrecy, administered mainly through the classification system, is based on that claim, and most of it is unjustified. There are few issues of national security which do not demand public discussion on the basis of all available information. It is inconceivable, for example, that in a democratic society such major decisions as the military buildup in Vietnam should be made by a few top government officials, to the total exclusion of the rest of the country. It should be noted that the Supreme Court, in holding that warrantless wiretapping was not justified as a matter of national security, has rejected the basic contention that reasons of national security authorize government operations in violation of constitutional principles.

The national security exception, therefore, should be limited to those situations where nondisclosure is clearly justified as a matter of immediate military necessity. This would confine the exception largely to information con-

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cerning the development of new weapons and actual tactical military operations. Acceptance of such limited exceptions would, of course, bring about a drastic change in methods of making decisions concerning national security matters. The burden of showing the need for broader exceptions, however, is difficult to meet.

A third exception must be devised for some aspects of foreign relations. This is probably the most troublesome area to define or keep within bounds. The complexities are many. Thus other countries may not adhere to our views or practices with regard to disclosure of matters of mutual concern; negotiations with foreign nations involve a bargaining process, a situation which raises special problems discussed hereinafter; and relations with other countries sometimes involve the use of procedures, such as espionage and counter-espionage, which cannot be brought within the democratic principles upon which the theory of disclosure is premised. On the other hand, most of the information that has to do with foreign relations is of vital concern to the legislative branch and to the citizen. It is a safe assumption that much more information can be made public, without jeopardizing our foreign relations, than is now provided. The answer would seem to lie in framing exceptions in terms of those features which have just been noted as causing the major problems. Nondisclosure would not be justified merely because requested by another country: it would have to live with our policy. But secrecy would be permissible to the extent necessary to prevent revelation of bargaining positions, and protect espionage or counter-espionage activities.

A fourth exception is justified where decision making is the result of a bargaining process and the disclosure of information at a premature stage would jeopardize the negotiations. Such a situation arises in collective bargaining with a union of government employees, in advance disclosure of a position of litigation, or in other procedures which involve development of fall-back positions. Under such circumstances the government should be entitled to the same advantages as its opponent, or a nongovernment bargainer. The withholding of such information, which in any case would be temporary, would seem permissible.

The fifth exception, already mentioned, concerns protection of the right of privacy and would extend to certain personnel, loyalty and investigative files. Here the emphasis is upon the personal nature of the information. The material is normally not a matter of public concern and nondisclosure would not seriously affect the conduct of public business.

A final word needs to be said about the administration of such a system of open government. Experience to date with the Freedom of Information Act has shown that two administrative matters are of prime importance. One involves the problem of separating secret from nonsecret material when both kinds are embodied in the same document or occur in the same conversation. This separation may pose some difficulties, including some cost, but it is essential that the effort to separate be pursued to the maximum degree possible. The other essential administrative requirement is that the decision of whether to disclose or keep secret must not be entrusted exclusively to the branch of government which possesses the information. A neutral arbitrator is imperative. In practical terms this means that the courts should have power to review all actions of the executive and legislative branches on these issues and to make final determinations on the basis of the applicable principles of law.

The above formulations, though only rough approximations, may point the way to the kind of legal structure that is necessary to maintain an effective system of open government. If we can succeed in this, we shall go far to make the exercise of government power legitimate and to encourage its use only in the degree necessary to solve our pressing problems. And we shall almost certainly make future Watergate disasters impossible. □

WASTE AT A DISCOUNT

OUR OBSOLETE UTILITY RATES

ROBERT KAREN

The electric power business had been in trouble for several years by the time Americans started worrying about Arabs, brownouts and the last digit on their license plates. By the middle and late 1960s rising capital costs, rampaging interest rates and expensive environmental controls seemed to be making it impossible for the electric companies to keep up with the increasing demand for current and still meet their profit expectations. Ironically, it was an old antagonist that came forth to advise the companies on how to cope with this unexpected financial squeeze.

In the summer of 1972 the Environmental Defense Fund intervened in a rate case of the Madison Gas and Electric Company, offering what was to become the first of a series of challenges to the way electricity is sold in this country. The EDF claimed that what the company needed was not another rate increase but a total overhaul of its rate structure. Witnesses charged that shortfalls in company profits were inevitable because the low rates which it gives to large industrial users of electricity do not cover the costs of production. As a result, smaller customers are forced to help subsidize the big users.

The environmentalists based their rate challenge on the acknowledged fact that "economies of scale" had largely flattened out for the electric power business. It was no longer cheaper to be bigger. According to EDF economists, once growth stopped being profitable, the discount rates which the companies have always used to encourage

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and reward greater consumption became a drain on profits. Their solution: invert the rates so that charges rise rather than fall with increased use.

The energy crisis has since helped the EDF cause. "Our rate challenges have always been based strictly on economics," says one environmentalist, "but now it looks as if the conservation issue could win it for us."

Of course the environmentalists' concern with the industry's financial well-being was always secondary. Their main purpose in attacking the faulty rate structure was to dampen the growth of an enterprise whose progress is inevitably accompanied by a proliferation of generating stations and transmission lines and the spread of pollution through the atmosphere and waterways.

"The rate challenge was an entirely new approach for us," explains EDF staffer Joe Pierpont. "So when we went into the Madison case, we were hoping to set a precedent before the industry had time to mobilize. They saw it coming though. Suddenly their outside consultants were moving in and we found ourselves in a major confrontation." Though environmental concerns are paramount in this struggle, the EDF was dead serious when it argued that the power business would benefit from growth-restraining rate reform. Says economist and EDF consultant Bill Gillen, "I could act as a consultant for the companies too, and I'd still come up with the exact same set of proposals." But to no one's surprise the power companies have received the advice from their traditional foes with neither grace nor gratitude. For, regardless of the economic consequences, this industry is very much attached to the idea of getting bigger.

In fact, no challenge to electric growth would have been conceivable were it not for the sudden and unexpected economic changes which hit the industry about six years ago. From the time when Thomas Edison opened his first generating station in lower Manhattan in 1882 with a mere fifty-nine customers, America has delighted in the expansion of the electric business and the opportunities which bigness provided for widely available low-cost electric power. The rate scales which were associated with this progress for almost a century worked quite well from the economic point of view and were especially appropriate to the pump-priming principles of the Roosevelt administration. The notion that the raw materials which fueled this enormous machine might run out some day was ignored or never really hit. Environmental protection was unthinkable. Nuclear power prolonged this fantasy world, seeming to promise unlimited growth to an industry which had already wired two-thirds of the nation. In the 1970 edition of *Electric Power Business* Edwin Vennard wrote, "Now on the horizon is a nuclear reactor which will breed more fuel than it uses, giving promise of further fuel economy and more economical production of electricity."

Since then the ecstatic predictions have ceased. Some time around 1968 the economies of scale vanished; bigger plants no longer produced cheaper electricity. To everyone's surprise, efficiency seemed to have hit its peak somewhere between the huge 600 and 1,200 megawatt plants. Said former Federal Power Commissioner Charles Ross, "I know of no great projected breakthrough that would provide additional . . . economies of scale."

For many of the large companies increased use of electricity not only failed to lower the cost of a kilowatt-hour but actually raised it. Short-run economies were threatened by the expense of having to bring older, less efficient units into operation at peak hours. Any potential saving to be derived from new construction was eaten away by increased capital costs. And perhaps worst of all, the bigger plants were found to have longer, more costly breakdowns. In the nuclear area, these developments have been staggering. "Nuclear plant costs . . . have not merely evolved in recent years; they have exploded," *Electric World* reported in 1971.

Though hampered by the debilitating economic symptoms associated with continued growth, the industry was determined to plow ahead much as before. For one thing, the methods of regulation automatically reward expansion by basing allowed profits on a percentage of total capital investment. Also at work is an ancient corporate mentality: commenting on the effects of rate inversion, William Hughes and Franklin Fisher wrote in the *Public Utilities Fortnightly*: "By attempting to stop or limit growth directly, the reform tends to have a demoralizing effect on management. . . ." In fact, the notion that they should voluntarily suppress demand by eliminating their discount rates freezes the blood of utility executives. Conditioned to believe that growth is the health of the corporation and well aware of the potential therein for their own aggrandizement, utility executives have little patience with anyone who suggests that the cure for their financial ailments might lie in curtailment of expansion. Instead they have become earnest habitués of the public service commissions which regulate them, and in recent years have applied for and obtained across-the-board rate increases with unheard-of frequency.

These increases, all too quickly granted by pliant commissions, have led only to a further erosion of earnings. "It's like a treadmill," says economist Gillen. "The rates keep going up, but the flawed structure of the rates remains the same." It was therefore no surprise to the EDF when a witness for the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation told the New York commissioners last year, "The vast majority of companies will, in my opinion, need to secure rate increases on a regular basis over the next several years."

Still, the campaign for electric rate reform has gained ground. The New York Public Service Commission has forced Con Edison to raise its rates for large industrial users proportionately more than for small industrial users. In Maryland Governor Mandel recently urged the PSC there to eliminate all discounting for bulk use in the rates of Baltimore Gas and Electric. The Sierra Club's Northeast Ohio Group attacked the rates of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company and came away with a minor victory. In each of these cases, the trend is toward "flattening" the rates rather than inverting them. That is, while bulk use would not be rewarded with lower prices, it would not be penalized with higher prices either.

Although the environmentalists beat the consumer groups to the punch on electric rates, Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Groups in New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont have recently made their own forays into rate design. They have taken the legislative route, preparing laws which would guarantee every household a low

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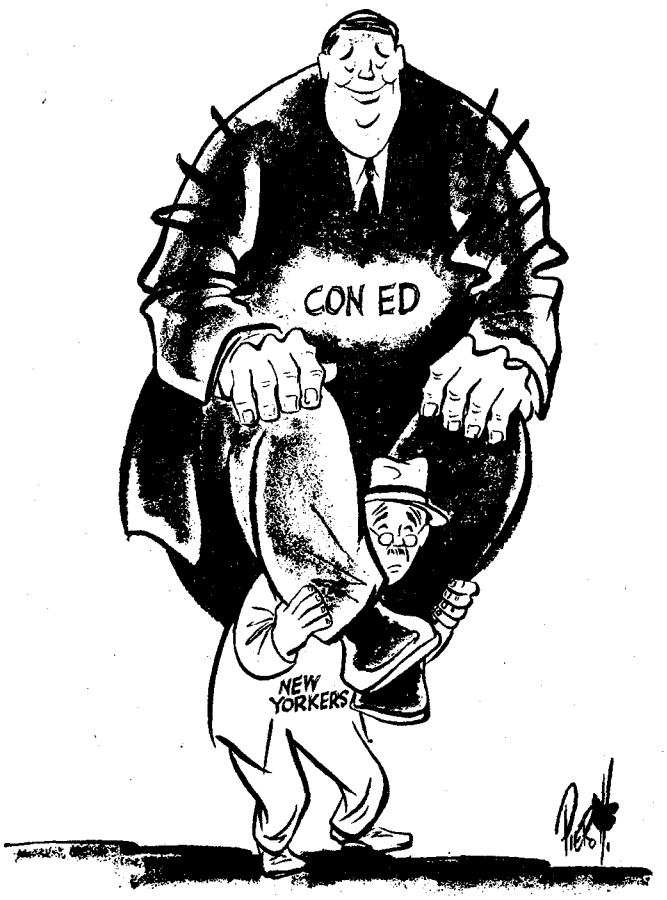

per-kilowatt-hour rate for an essential minimum of electricity. Bigger users would have to pay more.

Actually it was Nader who opened the door to a critique of the self-serving inefficiencies of the public utilities with his Study Group volume *The Monopoly Makers*. In the chapter on AT&T, Beverley C. Moore, Jr. described the ways in which the privately owned, publicly regulated monopolies weigh themselves down with excess capital investment in order to boost profits. Favorite methods include pushing the construction of new facilities beyond actual needs, installing excessive technology and buying new cars, equipment and buildings when leasing would be cheaper. And according to Moore, AT&T managed to overcharge customers $4.2 billion during the years from 1954 to 1967 simply by failing to assess accurately the depreciation of its capital assets. [See "Ma Bell: The Money Machine" by Jerry W. Finefrock, *The Nation*, February 16.]

One of the chief criticisms leveled at the telephone company has become a major issue in the environmentalists' attack on the electric business—the failure to charge according to the time of use. Customers have always been charged the same amount for electricity consumed during peak hours, when it is most expensive to produce, as they pay for electricity consumed, say, in the middle of the night when the cost is negligible. Depending on the particular company, the cost for on-peak production may be from five to twenty times higher. Says Columbia economics Prof. William Vickery, an expert in time-of-day pricing, "The time of consumption is by far the most crucial element to be taken into account in any rate structure."

Movie theatres, tennis courts, parking lots, set their prices according to the hour in order to spread patronage into the most efficient pattern. But not the utilities, though they could thereby reduce the extra plant capacity now held in reserve to meet the demands of excessive peak consumption. That is not the sort of efficiency the utilities favor.

The electric companies have devised some methods to conserve a part of the excess generating capacity available during off-peak hours. The pumped storage plant, like the controversial Storm King hydroelectric facility which Con Edison is trying to build in New York, pumps water up a hill during the slack hours and lets it flow back down to generate additional current for peak needs. But you have to pay a price to store electricity, not just in the form of another facility but with at least one-third of the electric power originally generated.

Equally imperfect measures have been taken to equalize the time-of-year peaks. For instance, electric heating has been promoted at bargain rates to offset the summer air-conditioning peaks. But it would be much wiser, the environmentalists say, to encourage reduced air conditioning or more efficient air conditioning, since electricity is usually one of the least efficient approaches to space heating, consuming up to three times more fuel than a good boiler. The impact of this wasteful policy is now being felt by owners of "all-electric" homes, many of whom have had to pay monthly electric bills as high as $300 this winter. In New York, Con Edison, faced with a bitter rebellion by its all-electric customers, has proposed to reduce their bills by spreading some of the cost among their other customers.

It is impossible to say who is suffering the most from these cockeyed schemes, but as far as the rates are concerned, the only way to put it is that they are perverse, wacky, distribute costs unfairly and generally raise the overall cost of electricity. Naturally, the EDF has a better idea. "They're always accusing us of finding fault without offering solutions," says EDF staff scientist Ernst Habicht. "But we're the ones who found this meter and I must say we're very proud of that."

"This meter" is the invention of a small New Jersey company called the Automated Technology Corporation. Developed to enable electric companies to shut off service to selected customers during an emergency, the computerized device can be read and operated from the plant and can give instant moment-by-moment readings. It costs about $30 and enormously facilitates time-of-day pricing.

Primitive systems incorporating time-of-day pricing are already in use (France, New Zealand) and have redistributed consumption patterns, but none of them approaches the potential of the New Jersey meter for revolutionizing the electric rate system.

Habicht believes the new meter will catch hold once one or two companies take the plunge. "Those who stand to save the most are the people who can alter their consumption patterns." He adds, "You'll begin seeing new developments like refrigerators and freezers which are timed to work the most during nighttime hours." The result would be a more even and efficient around-the-clock spread of electric usage. Generating stations would no longer be so idle during off hours and the need for pumped storage plants would be considerably reduced.

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The first test case for time-of-day pricing came before the New York Public Service Commission in an EDF challenge to a rate request by the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation. In February the commission ruled only that the company would have to investigate the feasibility of time-of-day pricing before making its next rate request.

Public Service Commissions, bred by the same system of cross-pollenization which mates the Pentagon to the defense industry, have almost always been alien territory for environmentalists. "The regulators are often closely associated with the banking and utilities community," Habicht laments. "It's rare that you find inventive or innovative people connected with them. Too bad really, especially right now."

This conservatism is underlined by a hesitancy to tamper with a basic rate structure which has been in use for decades. "Reducing planning capacity on the basis of an untried rate reform is too big a gamble for a company with a public utility responsibility to provide reliable service," is the position of industry consultants Hughes and Fisher. William Lindsay, chief of the Federal Power Commission's rate division, is a mugwump on rate reform: "It's an undemonstrated and radical departure, but I doubt that it would hurt much. I'm not persuaded it would do much good either."

The reaction of the industry itself to "the environmental interveners" has been most strident on the issue of inverted rates. Fearing it would unduly penalize large users, industry spokesmen have attacked this proposal for failing to stick to the time-honored principle that prices should reflect costs, though in fact existing rates have never done more than accidental honor to that principle.

Other concerns voiced by the industry cannot be so easily dismissed. Irwin Stelzer, president of the National Economic Research Associates, the consulting economists hired by Madison Gas and Electric, warns that if the demand for electricity is suppressed, it may pop up in other forms—consuming gas or some other resource, with unknown environmental consequences.

In his testimony before the Wisconsin PSC Stelzer argued, "If we were to require consumers to spend an extra $100 for more efficient air conditioners in order to save $1 per year in fuel costs, how would we be benefitting consumers even in the long run? After all, the extra $100 would represent the use of resources—labor, raw materials, capital—which we would be using up in order to save a smaller amount of similar resources used to produce fuels and electricity. The net effect, in this deliberately exaggerated case, would be to waste resources." Others caution that if one state eliminates the promotional benefits for big industries, those industries will either pack up and move elsewhere or begin generating their own current.

While these arguments do not offer a solution to the present rate inadequacies, they do point out that reform could have unforeseen results unless accompanied by an energy strategy on a national scale.

In the Nader study Moore came up with a neat efficiency-rewarding formula which would seem to deal with at least some of these problems. Cut the tie which has bound profits to capital expansion and allow unlimited earnings—as long as they are accompanied by rate reductions and a maintenance of service quality.

However, more impatient environmentalists are sick of the entire subject of profit margins and rate designs, finding it hard to imagine how such tinkering can forestall the projected tripling of electric power use by 1990. Says one, "All this cost of service bull has no meaning. We're lost in minute economic arguments."

But the "energy crisis" stands to make any intramural bickering of this sort strictly academic. The fuel shortage has already proved to be a powerful two-edged sword in its ability to affect energy use policy, here rewarding conservationist demands, here carving away some of their conquered territory. This much is certain: environmentalists will use the crisis to push hard for fuel conservation and the suppression of energy demands; power industries will try to make it take the rap for their own mismanagement and poor planning.

The biggest threat to rate reform in all this will be the companies' need to raise prices in response to rising fuel costs. In New York City, for instance, electric bills have risen 88 per cent in the last year, and Con Edison, which reported a surprising $4.3 million deficit for December, is expected to ask for more increases in 1974. With fuel adjustments holding the spotlight and detailed figures on electric company costs largely unavailable, who can say what inefficiencies are subsumed in these overall increases? To date, the answer of most regulatory authorities seems to be: "When you're stuck on the highway, you don't haggle with the gas man." □

FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK

Trade Union Women's Conference

CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Though women, as a recent *Nation* piece on the United Farm Workers Union illustrated, have played an extraordinary role in the formation of insurgent unions [see "You Find a Way: The Women of the Boycott" by Barbara L. Baer and Glenna Matthews, February 23], the more entrenched sector of organized labor remains a bastion of male power. Few union policy-making organizations—from the AFL-CIO National Executive Council on down—maintain even token female representation, and as a result only minimal organizing efforts have been directed at areas of work where women predominate. Furthermore, working-class homemakers have been neglected as a potential pro-union political constituency,

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and until very recently the AFL-CIO actively opposed the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution.

Partially in reaction to the male bias of official labordom, partially to affirm the idea of unions and partially because they felt isolated and alone, 600 metropolitan area unionists gathered on a recent Saturday at the Martin Luther King Labor Center to attend the first New York Trade Union Women's Conference. The participants—black and white, young and old, teachers, garment workers, welders, cab drivers, nurses and union officials—were exactly the kind of people that anti-feminists insist are cold to women's liberation. Yet, there they were, dressed not in the radical-feminist uniform of Army-Navy boutique chic but in quiet knit suits from Korvettes: women with gray hair, women with fifteen years of seniority on the assembly line, women with five children, women who hold down two jobs to make ends meet.

They had come to the conference because many of the bread-and-butter issues raised by feminists reflected the needs in their lives. They had been drawn, also, by the feeling that the men of labor were unlikely to respond to the special demands of working women unless the women themselves became more vocal. This meeting was to be an all-day consciousness-raising session, initiating a force that could have a startling effect on both the trade union and the women's movements. "For the first time," remarked Judy Berek, conference co-chairwoman, and the legislative director of Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Union, "labor women in New York are meeting to discuss their problems *as women.* It's a real breakthrough!"

Breakthrough that it was, the meeting had a surprising amount of official support. An impressive sponsors' list included thirty local unions, the Central Labor Councils of both New York City and Long Island, Cornell's School of Industrial and Labor Relations and nearly every woman who occupies a position of influence in New York City's labor scene. "We're doing this from the inside," Judy Berek explained. "No male trade unionist should think that this meeting or the ongoing organization that will come from it, is directed at him. All of us here are committed to the labor movement."

Addie Wyatt, director of the Women's Division of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, delivered the keynote address. "For the past several months," she began, "I have had the most exciting time of my life. I've always wanted women in the labor movement to get together and deal with our own needs. It's happening now and it's beautiful. . . . We women have special concerns. We need maternity benefits and child care. We need an upgrading of jobs. We need equal pay for equal work. We need to organize the unorganized among women workers. After all, most women work for the same reasons men do; we need the same protections men have. But women in the labor movement know very well we have not achieved our goals. We have not had equal opportunities for jobs and leadership."

Marge Albert, a secretary for the past twenty-five years, now an organizer for District 65 of the Distributive Workers of America, followed upon Addie Wyatt's remarks: "We could speculate endlessly," she said, "on why there are so few women in unions, but we cannot say for certain what the labor movement would look like if the men had run things differently these past forty years. What would the results be if the unions had organized female-dominated areas as vigorously as male-dominated areas of work? What if workers perceived unions as organizations where men and women participated equally—instead of as male-dominated hierarchies? What if the unions had understood that most women work at two jobs—one in the office and one at home?"

For Marge Albert, the labor movement must make the organization of clerical workers its first priority. Clerical work is the female ghetto of low wages, and 76 per cent of clericals are women. The field is virtually unorganized. "Because so many women work in female-dominated areas, the laws against sex discrimination do us no good," she stated. "In secretarial work, for instance, there simply are no men with whom we can compare our pay. And there is no God-given law that says a secretary is making 'good money' when she earns $180 per week, while a New York sanitation man begins work at a lot more than that. The difference is clear: he's organized into a powerful union. We are hopelessly and helplessly divided in most offices. We *need* unions."

And unions need women—which may explain why the New York Central Labor Council underwrote and endorsed this potentially insurrectionary gathering. According to U.S. Department of Labor's figures, 33 million American women were wage earners in 1970. Of that total, a mere 4.3 million were members of labor organizations—slightly more than 13 per cent. By contrast, some 28 per cent of the male work force enjoy a union wage. These statistics are made more urgent by the fact that the labor movement's traditional base of male blue-collar workers has been seriously eroded by technological change. The new jobs are mostly in the white-collar sector: clerical work, human services. The new jobs are nonunion, low-wage. And the new jobs are staffed by women.

The women attending the New York conference knew these statistics from the experiences of their lives. They also understood the great emotional barriers that men of otherwise good will erect when they confront "The Woman Question." Mildred Sossi, recording secretary of the United Telephone Answering and Communication Service Union—Local 789, told of a major organizing problem: married women refuse to join the union because their husbands—good union members—forbid it. "These husbands . . . and we see a lot of it, are members of labor unions and they get pensions and benefits and good wages. They believe in the union only for themselves and they weaken their own position by failing to permit their wives to earn their own fair share." Ms. Sossi felt that the AFL-CIO brass should begin an educational campaign aimed at blue-collar males.

Eleanor Tilson, a staffer with the united store workers

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union (RDSWU—AFL-CIO), reported more optimistic experiences within her organization. Because women inside the union had been meeting informally, they were able to get a series of special classes for their female shop stewards. As a result, women had demanded and been assigned better paying jobs. The union had recently signed its first contract containing a clause to ban sex discrimination.

However, Ms. Tilson explained, one issue "kept coming up . . . at our classes . . . the lack of organization in this industry—and not through lack of trying on the part of the union. Recently, we concluded an unsuccessful organizing driving out on the Island [Long Island]. This drive, like all our organizational drives, was led by a man. A few women are sometimes called in somewhere in the middle or the end, to lend a hand. That happened again this time and the women of the staff felt we let it happen by default. We did some grumbling about it . . . but never sharply, clearly or loud enough. . . . We have no way of knowing if a drive in which our women were either fully in charge or at least totally integrated from the beginning would have been successful. . . . What we do know is that there has not been a major department store organized in our industry for the past twenty years."

Organize the unorganized! That demand ran through the conference with particular urgency. Though few trade union gatherings fail to pay lip service to that fine old CIO cry, most labor officials think of organizing campaigns in terms of the 1930s. But for the women present that Saturday—some of them veterans of those early campaigns, others daughters of veterans—political realities and hard statistics made new organizing ventures a necessity. No one could fail to be shocked by the neatly printed fact sheets provided by the Department of Labor to conference participants.

Fact: Half of all women between the ages of 18 and 64 hold jobs.

Fact: The pay for women workers is 59 per cent of that received by male workers of comparable skills and education.

Fact: Though women are an increasing part of the work force, the proportion of organized females has remained stable. The least organized, poorest paying industries tend to be female-staffed. In 1970, for instance, only 8 per cent of hospital workers and service industries were organized. In sales work, a mere 10 per cent of the total was union. A mere 15 per cent of government workers, predominantly clerical, are unionized.

But would this conference and the ongoing women's rights group that grew out of it, press for massive new organizing drives? "Not right now," Judy Berek explained to me privately. "We're not at that stage yet. We see our goals, for the meanwhile, as working in the legislative area. If we got into organizing at the moment, there would be many jurisdictional disputes."

And indeed, if one looked at the names of the conference conveners, one could not fail to be struck by the number of rival unions represented by the women present. Until definitions are set out more clearly, an organizing campaign among metropolitan area women workers might well see a committed feminist such as District 65's Marge Albert battling for territory with the Department Store Workers' Eleanor Tilson.

The tone of the conference was generally one of shared warmth and excitement. Women who worked at unions or in offices where they thought themselves the one champion of women's rights in the shop, were thrilled to discover 600 others who agreed with them. Other longtime feminists were pleased to meet women doing untraditional work. "Gee, I didn't know women were welders," one teacher confessed to an auto worker.

However, some of the women present found aspects of the meeting objectionable. This was discovered when the floor was opened for general discussion. A caucus of female cab drivers protested the scheduled appearance of Harry Van Arsdale, president of the Taxidriver's Union and president of the New York Central Labor Council. "He runs an undemocratic union that's oppressive to both men and women," one cabbie complained. "He shouldn't be here." He wasn't. As it turned out, Van Arsdale had a conflicting appointment and he sent Anne Martin, the first female member of the Central Labor Council, to speak in his place.

Lynn Morel, a young riveter at a Ford plant in New England, expressed disgust with the conference's goals. "I don't think," she said, "the answer to working women's problems is to create more token posts within the labor bureaucracy." One group of young women, union members with Sarah Lawrence accents and membership cards in something called "The Spartacist League," periodically grabbed the microphone and insisted that the conference focus on Watergate. One Spartacist, a restaurant worker named Maryanne DeFrancis, objected to Rep. Bella Abzug's (D., N.Y.) presence at the meeting. "*What* union is Bella Abzug a representative of? Bella Abzug is a representative of the state!"

The audience responded with a loud chant of "We Want Bella! We Want Bella!" For many of the genuine working-class women present, this was their first encounter with the revolutionary females of the Spartacist League. "Those nuts were all over my workshop," grumbled a 50-year-old woman who makes light bulbs for General Electric in New Jersey. "All they kept saying was 'talk Watergate, talk Watergate.' They're crazy. I knew Nixon was a crook in 1952. I want to talk about what I can do to get job training so that I can upgrade my pay."

In the end, despite the divisions, this was a conference of good feelings. More than anything, the unexpectedly large turnout proved that women's liberation ideas are moving well beyond their original white middle-class roots. "Meetings like this," suggested Judy Baston, a staffer with Local 1199, "are going to transform the women's movement—give it a wider base, make it more political." Meetings like this are also likely to help transform the lives of the women involved. I was struck by the remarks of Connie Kopolov, a long-time member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Ms. Kopolov, who was a conference co-chairwoman, stood at the podium late in the afternoon and tried to call the audience to order. "Listen," she said, "let's quiet down. I've never had a chance to pound the gavel before. Men always chaired meetings. Now it's *our* turn, so let me do it right!" □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Chronicle and Brief Abstract

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1972-1973. *Edited by Otis L. Guernsey, Jr. Dodd, Mead. 515 pp. $15.*

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE. *By Robert Speaight. Little, Brown. 304 pp. $15.*

ON STAGE: Selected Theater Reviews from the New York Times 1920-1970. *Edited by Bernard Beckerman and Howard Siegman. Arno Press/Quadrangle Books. 560 pp. $12.50.*

HENRY POPKIN

These are the necessary reference books that tell us exactly what happened on the stage—or, at least, they are supposed to do that. One of them records a year of the world's theatre (emphasizing New York and omitting the Third World), another narrates some 250 years of Shakespearean stage history, and the third chronicles fifty years of the New York theatre. Critical judgments are secondary here—except, of course, in *The New York Times* volume where the judgments, too, have become a part of history. Even if things were not precisely as Alexander Woollcott or Brooks Atkinson or Clive Barnes saw them, it is nevertheless important that a particular kind of misconception was set down in the newspaper of record.

The annual *Best Plays* volume is the standard fact book of the American Theatre, and, as such, it is invaluable, even though its top-billed feature, detailed summaries of ten "best" plays, can profitably be ignored. If you want to read the play, read the play. Who wants a potted version? When potted versions are given on the stage, I shall be more tolerant of them in print. I concede a possible exception: when an interesting play, like Clifford Odets' *The Flowering Peach* (a "best" of its year), is otherwise unavailable in print, it is better to have it in summary than not at all. But what about mediocre plays not otherwise available, like this year's *6 Rms Riv Vu*? I am scholar enough (down, critic, down!) to want to preserve even this play.

Whether or not we want the summaries, the selection that has been made is of some interest because, even though it is, as they say, only one man's opinion, it tells us something about the season. What it tells us this time is that this was not a good season. Could *6 Rms Riv Vu*, Jean Kerr's *Finishing Touches*, and Arthur Miller's *The Creation of the World and Other Business* have been three of the best plays of the year? If ten plays must be found, might it be time to start considering off-Off-Broadway productions? This step would be a wrench, but then, the first inclusion of Off-Broadway plays in the volume induced yelps of rage. I still remember the book review in *Variety* which reported, in effect, that the empire had fallen and the barbarians were at the gates. In 1972-73, *The Dragon Lady's Revenge* and Imamu Amiri Baraka's *A Recent Killing* (mentioned in the guest essay on off-Off-Broadway but not in the roster of productions or even in the index) would surely have been logical contenders. Might regional plays also be considered? I suppose the theory is that anything really good will reach New York eventually, but I would not like to stand on my head until Solzhenitsyn's *The Love-Girl and the Innocent* (produced at the Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis as *A Play* when I was literary manager there) gets to Broadway. Although Clive Barnes, writing in the London *Times*, was kind enough to call it "a theatre event of world importance" (I quote from memory), a writer of the same name wrote a savage attack on the play in *The New York Times* (indicating in passing that his knowledge of Soviet prison camps was superior to Solzhenitsyn's), and thereby scared prospective Broadway producers silly.

No point in any more carping about a feature to which I am ultimately indifferent. On the other hand, I could not be more grateful for the factual records. And, a minor objection (which will, unfortunately, take more space than my heartfelt praise): I can wish only that they were complete. It would also be useful to have more dates in the account of the London season and at least some dates in the rest of the European chronicle. And how is it possible to report on the year's work in places like Halifax and Winnipeg but exclude Toronto, where most of the best English-language Canadian plays originate? Two of them, *Leaving Home* and *Creeps* (to which Harold Clurman has done full justice in these pages), get into the book only because they were later staged in Montreal. And why is the Montreal balance sheet confined to the English-language theatre, omitting the French-speaking scene, where Montreal's real action is? Also, in the Broadway roster Butley, hero (or anti-hero) of the play that bears his name, is said to be a homosexual. As Walter Kerr, Anthony Burgess and I have wisely observed in print, he is not; internal evidence makes that clear.

When I was an undergraduate, I was taught Shakespeare by a distinguished old scholar for whom Orson Welles's *Julius Caesar* had been a traumatic experience. To his credit, Robert Speaight, in *Shakespeare on the Stage*, is not traumatized by Welles's *Julius Caesar*; he treats it with the remarkable understanding and sympathy that he brings to a great variety of Shakespeare productions. He is capable of writing intelligently about the very different intentions of Edmund Kean, Henry Irving, Max Reinhardt, Jacques Copeau, John Barrymore, Orson Welles and Maurice Evans. Speaight gives each his due—approximately until the moment when he himself became as old as my Shakespeare professor, and thereafter anything really new in Shakespeare production is outlandish and even outside the law. The chief offenders are Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, Peter Brook's *King Lear*, and Roger Planchon's two parts of *Henry IV*, all of them, I assure you, brilliant productions. Speaight pointedly omits any reference to the leading interpreter of current Shakespearean innovation, John Russell Brown (who has just joined Peter Hall's new regime at the National Theatre), and even excludes Brown's *Shakespeare's Plays in Performance* from his capacious bibliography. Hostility is likely even to weaken Speaight's normally secure grasp of the facts, and so he attributes Brook's *Lear* solely to Brechtian inspiration: "The result was belauded by everyone who likes to take their Shakespeare from East Berlin." (At such moments, even Speaight's normally secure grasp of grammar is less certain.) If, as I learn from *On Stage*, Howard Taubman, the morning after *King Lear* opened in New York, was capable of recording Brook's debt to Beckett's *Endgame*, we should expect no less from Speaight nearly a decade later. The moral is clear: as Shakespeare scholars turn 60, innovation becomes obnoxious.

Henry Popkin frequently writes on the theatre.

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Most of the book is delightful, fascinating, and informative, and it is handsomely illustrated, often with color photographs. (*Best Plays*, I must add, is well illustrated with black-and-white photos and cartoons by Hirschfeld.) And now I must turn churlish again. Since Speaight is not limited to covering only productions that he himself saw, I wonder why he omits so much that is, at least, historically important: George C. Scott's Shylock and Richard III (and virtually everything else at Joseph Papp's theatre in Central Park), Richard Burton's Hamlet (directed by Gielgud) in New York, Morris Carnovsky's Shylock (although his Lear gets in), and the distinctive directing of Otomar Krejca of Prague (although a Hungarian *Hamlet* makes it). It is good to get Speaight's subjective responses, but they often need to be tempered with some indication of what others thought at the time. Reading of a "brave and beautiful" *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Old Vic, who would guess that it was considered one of the great disasters of its time and that the bad notices drove the Cleopatra into temporary retirement from the stage? Nice to know that "one who might claim to be England's greatest actress" (Thorndike? Ashcroft? Evans?) hated Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* as much as Speaight did, but since Speaight finds Kenneth Tynan worth citing on other occasions, why not quote his praise of this production, if only to explain why the actors were not lynched? I do not know what to make of Speaight's comment on Max Adrian's Friar Laurence in another *Romeo and Juliet*. If I understand him correctly, he thought it a pity that Adrian made his Laurence a Jesuit, because Speaight's faith in Jesuit resourcefulness was so great as to lead him to expect a happy ending. Well, if Speaight is going to be as subjective as that, he might as well go the whole hog and explain why, leaving out so much, he gives as much attention as he does to Orson Welles's *Five Kings*, which closed on the road without opening on Broadway. Speaight, as it happens, was in the cast.

Speaight's special pleading against the apron stage is a bit much: "For the two prerequisites for the performance of tragedy are perspective and repose—and the open stage denies them both." No doubt that explains why Shakespeare was such a dismal flop on the open stage of the Globe Theatre and was never heard from again. Among other errors in spelling, even the Devil gets his first name spelled wrong and emerges as "Berthold Brecht." Wrong dates: Papp is said to have started his Shakespeare theatre in 1935, when the right date is more like 1953, and Barrymore's Hamlet is attributed to 1925, when it should be 1922.

On Stage is a reasonably balanced cross section of *The New York Times*'s drama reviews over five decades. The *Times*'s critics are the true mirrors of the theatre they examine; they accept its premises, and they judge it by its own standards. Stark Young and Stanley Kauffmann, who served briefly and were presumably more exacting than their colleagues, make remarkably little difference, especially since Kauffmann is represented by only one notice and Young by seven, one of them a rave review of *The Student Prince*. The editors have reprinted few reviews that would now embarrass the *Times*, but, curiously, they have included only one Sunday "think-piece," Woollcott on *The Emperor Jones*. That is odd because the critics themselves apparently preferred their more carefully written Sunday pieces. In the very first review in the book, Woollcott finds himself, like O'Neill's characters, inclined to " 'yearn for the open spaces' of the Sunday newspaper." When Atkinson published a volume of his collected reviews, *Broadway Scrapbook*, he included only Sunday pieces. The editors' defense would surely be that it has been the daily reviews that made history by selling tickets or keeping playgoers away from the box office in droves. And that is what this book is really about: it shows how the *Times* made history.

First comes Woollcott, who is cheerful and fanciful. He wonders whether O'Neill or John Barrymore is truly great but concludes that Lionel Barrymore's Macbeth is certainly not great. He is not one to overlook the presence of Ethel Barrymore in the audience or the swooning of a drama critic at *Blood and Sand* or an opportunity to make a terrible pun on Mary Roberts Rinehart's name. Next comes John Corbin, who confidently puts down *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. On other occasions, he implies that he polled the audience, reporting "the judgment of some few" on Hampden's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and "no dissentient voice" on *Expressing Willie*. Following Young's brief tour of duty, Atkinson gives an impression of knowledge and confidence. While uncertain of Elisabeth Bergner's greatness, he does not doubt that O'Casey, Cornell and Nazimova are great. (After Nazimova in 1935, no one else is "great" in this book.) Nazimova is used as a stick to beat her unfortunate dramatist, for she, poor lady, appeared in so mean a vehicle as *Ghosts*. As for *A Doll's House*, "the revolt it chronicles is a little embarrassing now." "Now" was 1937. Chekhov does better: *Uncle Vanya* improves over the years, or perhaps the critic does. Atkinson recognizes "the nickel-weekly jargon that Mr. O'Neill offers as thinking" in *Strange Interlude*. Generally, O'Casey, O'Neill, Anderson, Howard, Sherwood, Odets, Miller and Williams get their due from him, even if Ibsen and Chekhov do not. By discovering Off-Broadway, he annexes a new continent to the New York theatre. He does wonders, but, like Robert Speaight and my Shakespeare professor, he gets tetchy toward the

FLOODTIDE

In the Sag Harbor dusk
I'm standing thigh-deep in the reflection
of the bridge
that fades as the tide rounds out the stillness.
I've just caught my first bass of the year.
Here's dinner I said bringing it in
but when I held it up in last light
its young life shivered in my hands
the simple nobility of its enterprise,
& I let it go
as a mallard goes over unseen but talking.
Today I saw more houses going up in the woods.
I am growing old with the land
I love. Or is it I love
loving it? Venus appears, dropping
down after the sun.
The sky once more lightens, with stars,
& the unreflecting water clears deeply.
A two-foot groundshark slides by.
Scentless & soundless
I wait near the heart of town.
Nobody knows we're here.

Allen Planz

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end. He is respectful but not especially helpful on Beckett and Genet, and he begins his reviews of them in much the same way. "Don't expect this column to explain Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. . . . Don't expect in this column a rational explanation of Jean Genet's *The Balcony*." He gives up too easily.

Howard Taubman begins by performing contortionist tricks, facing both ways on *The Hostage* and *Becket*, then calms down for several years, but bursts into song on *After the Fall*: "What is love? What are its limits? . . . should one go on?" After our brief encounters with Kauffmann and Kerr, Clive Barnes enters to convey enthusiasm for many things and occasionally to face both ways himself, as on *Loot*: "I liked it. But I do trust it's not for you. . . ." After lavishly praising a thoroughly commonplace musical, *Applause*, he examines the infinitely more original *Company*, finds the score "academically very interesting," considers the best "lines almost witty enough to be memorable," pronounces the characters to be "trivial, shallow, worthless and horrid," and regrets that the director has not been able to unify the show. The editors, blushing furiously, inform us that "Harold Prince's exemplary direction of . . . *Company* earned high praise; Stephen Sondheim's witty and abrasive score for *Company* was also generally lauded."

I was interested to find an error corrected. The nameless reviewer of *Sunny* in 1925 deprived Pert Kelton of her proper credit; four days later, amends were made. That is commendable because Miss Kelton's livelihood depended on her press notices. No other corrections appear in the book. Does that mean that not one of the other reviews was corrected? When Taubman said, in 1962, that the Peter Hall who designed the costumes for Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* was also head of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, was his error never caught? As every reader knows, the *Times*, our newspaper of record, is meticulous in publishing corrections; it even gave several lines, a few months ago, to establishing that John C. Calhoun was Secretary of War, not State, when he did or did not create a precedent for Spiro Agnew. But I have reason to believe that objective errors in reporting on the arts—and I do not mean errors of taste—are now not considered worth correcting. I hope the *Times* might be persuaded that actors, directors, dramatists and other artists deserve as much loving care as the late Secretary Calhoun. □

Doctor Faustus Revisited

FAUST AS MUSICIAN. *By Patrick Carnegy. New Directions. 182 pp. $9.25.*

RICHARD PLANT

One of the nicer aspects of this ingenious inquiry into Thomas Mann's most complex novel is that it gets better toward the end. Mann's many-layered, doubly split work is, in its quiet way, as revolutionary as some of the more vehemently innovative novels by Joyce and Proust. Carnegy recognizes Dr. Faustus as an index to many of the pathologies of our period. He goes even further back—he traces Mann's sources to such 19th-century shakers, wreckers and engineers as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Wagner and Freud. His main concern, he says in a modest introduction, was to consider the leading ideas of the novel, relate them to their background and pursue their implications. He has not only done that but presented the materials for a court case as well.

The case is that of Arnold Schoenberg, composer, vs. Thomas Mann, author. It begins approximately like this: Dr. Faustus is the fictitious biography of a fictitious composer, Adrian Leverkühn, who made a pact with the devil, just as Goethe's hero did. This time, however, the conditions are different. For his years of heightened creativity Adrian pays a steep price—the syphilis he contracts with the devil's assistance releases demonic powers in a torrent of hot yet ice-cold compositions (the opposites in his life and art often cancel each other out), but at the end he is not saved. Mann reverses Goethe's conclusion, just as Adrian's last composition reverses Schiller's and Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* with its manifesto of love to mankind. Adrian cannot love; whenever he tries, he conjures up the ruin and death of the beloved. All this Carnegy analyzes lucidly, with all the necessary side trips into harmony, theology, history and the occult.

However, he repeats Schoenberg's charges that the twelve-tone method, embraced in Leverkühn's later compositions, has been lifted from his *Harmonielehre* and his compositions, that his name is never mentioned but his system is defiled by the fact that its originator conceived it via the syphilis acquired from the "hetaera Esmeralda" in a whorehouse. The accused later apologized to Schoenberg (see Carnegy's appendix) and prefaced the English edition with a statement that Schoenberg and not Leverkühn had "thought out the twelve-tone composition method." For Carnegy, however, that is not enough; he does not ever recognize Schoenberg's dour arrogance, and he doesn't come to grips with the pivotal figure of Theodore Adorno, an odd musicological genius who provided Mann with the theoretical substructure of the musical system credited to Faustus in the novel. Carnegy traces Adorno's influence through many chapters, but he does not see the ambiguities that mar his writings, and the fatal influence of Hegelian principles applied to art. Adorno, by the way, appears in the novel, too—split into Kretzschmar, the teacher, and Schleppfuss the diabolical lecturer, who functions also as another double of the devil.

Once the case is put aside, Carnegy finds himself, and his examination does justice to every important theme: the parody which gave birth to a new style; the principle of montage applied with such brilliance that the pieces from the old chapbook, the *Malleus Malleficorum*, from Stravinsky, Mahler and William Beebe are fused together without seams; the use of the two leitmotifs of the utmost cold and of senseless laughter; and the main premise—that the extremes of rationality and those of demonism join in the end. The logical twelve-tone method (labeled bloodless) with its mathematical rigidity, serves as demoniacal, bloody magic. This Mann successfully demonstrates in his synopses of Adrian's works—probably no other writer has produced such convincing sketches of imaginary compositions. I also agree with Carnegy's conviction that the two parts of the novel, that devoted to the friendly bourgeois narrator Zeitblom who comments on the tragedy engulfing Germany, and that which he officially describes, the life and suffering of Leverkühn, do not come together to make a unified work. We are left with the bitter truth that, as Mann says, "music exhibits in extreme form the indifference and moral unaccountability of art."

Carnegy has the right intuition for divining some of Mann's secrets, but he misses some of the deft trickeries and conceits that are woven into the tapestry. Though this is the most emotional of all of Mann's creations, he could not resist playing games. Carnegy has caught the allusions to the arch-whore,

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Richard Plant, a teacher of European literature, has written a novel dealing with Germany and contributed articles and criticism to many magazines. He is also co-author of the opera Lizzie Borden *(music by Jack Beeson), whose première was presented by the New York City Opera.*

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the hetaera Esmeralda (an exotic butterfly) on whose name many of Adrian's compositions are constructed. But there are some minor pleasures he has not discovered. In the "Full Fathom Five" chapter, Adrian descends into the oceanic deep under the guidance of an American scientist named Capercailzie. This means a "heathcock" who, in the Chapbook, figures as the devil's helper. Therefore the descent (patterned after William Beebe's report of a Bermuda expedition) appears to move close to Goethe's Faust, II, and thus provides a parody-parallel to the classical Walpurgis Night. However, this looks like quibbling, and Mr. Carnegy's generous imagination, insight and elegant language make his book the best available study of Mann's tragic and unjustly neglected masterpiece. □

The Woodlawn Organization

BLACK POWER/WHITE CONTROL. *By John Fish. Princeton University Press. 356 pp. $12.50.*

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.

The Great Society's ship passed long ago, yet its academic wake still curls, for dozens of case studies of the social welfare sallies of the 1960s keep drifting onto the publishers' lists. The worst are riddled by jargon, and by sentimentality, too, either of the blue chambray Left—as if the Economic Opportunity Act called for the maximum feasible participation not only of the poor but of *narodnik* grad students as well—or of what's becoming known appropriately enough as the new conservatism, according to which the travails of the poor are to be left to the sands of merciful time and the hands of General Motors.

Even the best of the studies are liable to be strait-jacketed by the limits of their *genre*, those of the cases' time and place. What applies to 1967 in Columbus, Ohio, may say too little of Oakland's experience for the three years through 1969. Besides, the fitful and fragmentary character of the programs themselves denies coherence to most such accounts. The studies may be workmanlike *post mortems*, but they cannot provide a broadened sense of pathology afflicting those social policies of the Democratic years.

Hence the value of John Fish's superb account of The Woodlawn Organization. Granted, the place it treats of is a relatively small slice (perhaps 3 square miles housing fewer than 100,000 people) of the dense ghetto on Chicago's South Side. Yet it is fair to speculate that, because Richard J. Daley's Chicago is so tough to crack, virtually any social reform experience capable of taking hold there is likely to travel well to less tightly controlled turf. And the time is the full fifteen years of TWO's life thus far, a remarkable span for an activist organization of the ghetto's working poor and jobless—that is, for an organization of the disorganized. TWO has managed to survive long enough to respond to many of those years' successive winds of change: civil rights, integration, black power, community action, neighborhood control, economic development. If the approach advertised a better life—and if a foundation or government agency put up some money to launch it—then TWO was likely to try it.

TWO was inspired and bankrolled by the Archdiocese of Chicago. For years, the Catholic parishes of Woodlawn helped form the backbone of the neighborhood. Yet, as the neighborhood changed, as the Irish left and, ultimately, as their place was taken by blacks, the parish role naturally receded, since the Chicago rule of thumb finds only six of every 100 blacks to be Catholic. TWO was an attempt to reach the newcomers as neighbors, if not as parishioners. For this form of ministry, the Church hired Saul Alinsky.

The organization's early years were blessed by a mystique, deriving in large part from the personality of Alinsky himself, the late prophet and promoter of public causes, a romantic figure. Nicholas von Hoffman, now a columnist for *The Washington Post*, got his start as an organizer on the streets of Woodlawn. There, he actually did what a blue-jeaned generation of students could a few years later only dream of doing. He hung around and looked and listened and discovered the natural, but submerged, grapevine of Woodlawn's blacks. It ran through the pool halls, the rib shacks, the beauty parlors. Gossip and shoptalk alike filled these meeting places, where reputations and ties of friendship were born: that is, the rudiments—but only the rudiments, of genuine popular influence. Alinsky's people managed to tap into the grapevine. The word passed there began to fill halls, set up picket lines and organize boycotts. Just as TWO's kite got off the ground, it caught the winds of the civil rights movement shifting into the North, and also seized the early spotlight of the urban crisis, attracting the national praise of Jane Jacobs and Charles Silberman. It became easy for TWO to prove how shabby and shallow were the claims of a few merchants and politicians to speak authoritatively for the people of Woodlawn. Thus, this deceptively simple blend of detail work, theatre, and lucky timing established TWO as its neighborhood's spokesman.

Yet, having settled into its seat at the poker table of urban politics, TWO now feels obliged to play dozens of hands at the same time. Once, its protests could attack the fragmentary and piecemeal pattern of public approaches to Woodlawn's problems—for TWO knows that health, housing, public safety and jobs and more are all woven together. Now, Fish discovers, "TWO was itself . . . fragmented to fit the existing structure." It has sprouted three dozen committees to face as many opposite numbers at City Hall, the state capitol, or Washington: "TWO duplicated the pattern it was resisting."

An iron law, not of oligarchy but of social welfare professionalism, has taken hold of TWO; here, the hopes and perils of grantsmanship can be seen. The dispensers of foundation or government money naturally like to give it to people whose manners and values are akin to their own. Accordingly, TWO has hired its share of staff grantsmen. Power, of course, is likely to follow money inside any organization, so it naturally has begun

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POEM

dark shirt
the mountain wears

blue animal
its teeth tear
the flesh of the hunted noon

soft willows here
my sighs are spread and
tattered and forlorn
in an old overcoat
I count the dollars of the moon

you hunted and desired
your tongue hanging out
you were my noon with
breasts you took

the road where stones
preached you fled

dark shirt
the mountain wears
blue animal
its teeth tear
the flesh of the hunted noon

Hobart Myers

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shifting to the professionals inside TWO. Then, grants bring jobs—TWO has an expanding payroll—and jobs create the dual-edged sword of patronage, although it is not yet clear which way it will cut in this particular case. Finally, Fish reports, as professionalism grows, some of the old militant spirit is served poorly:

> The announcement of a $100,000 grant from the Ford Foundation or a $315,000 grant from NIMH, or a $500,000 loan from the University [of Chicago] was received at TWO meetings with perfunctory applause. In contrast, the announcement of a successful negotiation with a single landlord, especially if it followed prolonged controversy involving concerted citizen pressure, would trigger spontaneous cheers.

Yet, TWO is the kind of community organization the planners of the Great Society envisioned, however dimly. It arose before the tenfold explosion of urban welfare programs during the 1960s and was not summoned to life by a Washington subsidy. Thus, it could survive the death or cutback of any single program or political mood. Yet, at the same time, and systematically, it secured (and adapted) many of those programs, for health, housing, job training, school reform. As TWO shaped those programs, so too, they are shaping TWO and guaranteeing it a footing broad and strong enough to insure its survival. And, as John Fish concludes: "Many community organizations are quick to press demands and to offer advice on how to run the city, but among those organizations serious about neighborhood self-determination only the survivors will be fit." □

China: Too Good to Be True?

CHINA JOURNAL. *By Emmett Dedmon. Rand McNally. 176 pp. $8.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

If you're looking for an in-depth study of China, its government and its people, this book isn't for you. But if you'd like to spend an interesting few hours with a seasoned observer who traveled widely through China for three weeks, this concise, copiously illustrated, well-written book is just the thing. Not only is Emmett Dedmon, editorial director of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Daily News*, a journalist of long experience but he prepared for his trip by learning 1,200 Chinese characters. And, as a measure of his seriousness, he has continued his study of Chinese so that he can speak it with some facility.

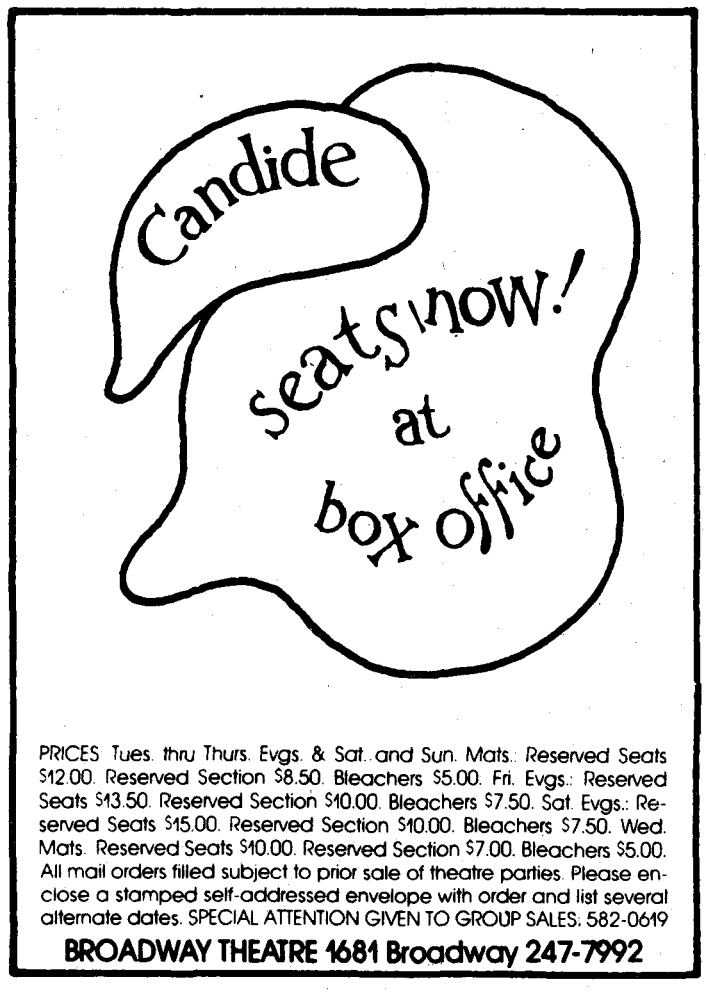
Thus, Dedmon's trip in October 1972 with other directors of the American Society of Newspaper Editors was more than just an unusually attractive junket. It was a rare opportunity to learn a good deal about what is to me the most fascinating nation on earth. Dedmon would be the first to say that there were severe limitations on what he could learn. Although the editors were given wide latitude to poke around (no Soviet paranoia), there simply wasn't much time for it in a three-week tour necessarily devoted largely to official visits to factories, communes, hospitals, etc. Added to the rigors of that schedule were the barriers of language and culture and the constraints inevitable in an authoritarian society, however benevolent.

Yet Dedmon worked hard at learning. Clearly he was sympathetic to the Chinese, but he was not uncritical. He and his newspaper colleagues asked a lot of tough questions. Often, however, the answers were elusive, drifting off somewhere in a maze of politeness, laughter and good-natured evasion. He was never able to get such basic information as how the nation is governed, or how (even theoretically) the courts function. The American journalists were not even permitted to see the provincial newspapers, although the national papers apparently were readily available.

Nonetheless, the author does give us a great deal of interesting and important information about how the Chinese live and work in the cities and the countryside. They work very hard (a six-day week is customary) and live austerely, crowded in tiny, sparsely furnished apartments. Yet they seem happy and are unquestionably courteous, friendly and uncommonly hospitable to strangers.

What interests Dedmon most, as it will his readers, is the nature of this new Chinese society. It sometimes appears that Mao and his colleagues have created a new man—unselfish, willing

Richard Walton, author of Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy *(Viking), is working on a study of Henry Wallace and the 1948 election.*



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VISITORS FROM OUTER SPACE

They were here again today,
those strange curls of leaves
filling our yards
with death.

No one near us can rake them,
their brittle bodies
flying to dust
on touch.

By sunrise, yards are empty
(moon magic rakes them,
silver absorbs
the crumbs).

But shadows bring them to us,
wind rising after:
fragile pieces
of day.

Who do you suppose sends them?
On this street only,
yards entirely
treeless.

Linda W. Wagner

cheerfully to subordinate his personal interests for those of his community. That seems almost too good to be true. A number of times Dedmon asked about it directly, and the answer was: we don't know about creating a new man but we have created a new society.

It is, from this distance at least, an appealing society. Authoritarian, to be sure, yet not elitist. The Chinese hold, as an article of Maoist faith, that leaders should get their inspiration from the masses—and that seems to be more than mere propaganda. Doctors empty bedpans, bureaucrats work in the fields alongside peasants, and factory administrators earn less than skilled workers What is democracy anyway? If it is equality, China is far more democratic than the United States.

Yet democracy by my definition is also the secret ballot, the right to dissent and the sacredness of the individual, all of which seem to be totally absent in China. What worries me most, as it did Dedmon, is the emphasis on "the correct political line," the relentless impetus toward conformity based on education, which, as the author points out, should more properly be called indoctrination. Nonetheless, it seems free of the Orwellian horrors of Big Brotherism. It's not the government spying on you secretly but everyone watching you openly as fellow members of the community. That seems to lend a benevolent quality to what is undeniably a form of tight social control.

You may detect a degree of perplexity in my words. I am perplexed. In our society, where increasingly the center seems not to hold, where self-interest seems to be rotting the social fabric, perhaps there is much to learn from China even though its social and economic circumstances are far different from ours. Haven't we long dreamed, many of us, of a society where the general good was paramount? Yet don't we also hold dear the rights of dissent and nonconformity?

This is a small book, neither an intensive nor extensive study of China, but it does provide much valuable and interesting information about life, especially everyday life, in that country. More important, it asks the right questions—even whether this new society can survive Mao and the revolutionaries who founded it. Of course there is the chance that the current "cultural revolution" may make some of Dedmon's observations irrelevant, but this one seems, so far, a mere tremor compared to the earlier convulsion.

As a bonus, the author has provided several pages of practical suggestions for travelers to China, particularly useful now that travel to that country is increasingly possible. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A few minutes after the curtain rose on *Over Here!* I whispered to my neighbor, "If this is American, then I'm not American." As *Grease* (produced by the same people responsible for the new show) exemplifies a nostalgia for ugliness, I thought, *Over Here!* projects a nostalgia for noise. But after a little while I found myself liking it a lot.

This twofold reaction demands an explanation. *Over Here!* has almost no book. What there is of one concerns a G.I.'s railroad trip from somewhere in the West to the port of embarkation for the European war zone. His sweetheart accompanies him, as do all his company, along with relatives, friends, and others of the paramilitary personnel. The dramatic issue revolves around the question whether the girl will sleep with the G.I. before he leaves for the field of combat. Dissuaded by some, urged on by others, she is both eager and fearful in the matter. The couple are finally wed by a railroad official.

Around this plot line the various collaborators have constructed a giddy festivity composed of skits, parodies, jazz band obbligatos, specialty numbers, topical jokes—a night club extravaganza. The sound and look of the band, composed for the most part of glittering trumpets, tubas, trombones, set the tone of the entire occasion: brassy pomp. The show is marked by an air of gay idiocy which in the end proves strangely exhilarating. In a special way it conveys both the crazy energy of the mid-1940s and something almost symbolically native.

I recall a letter I wrote in 1945 to Clifford Odets in Hollywood when I returned to New York after two years. In his reply, he wrote that my description of New York made the town seem like a place where the taxis might ride up the walls of the skyscrapers and penetrate into their offices. . . . I remember, too, that in Hollywood itself from 1943 to 1945 I was outraged by the lack of worry about what was going on abroad. It was fun time. "This is a *happy* war," I bitterly exclaimed.

There was (and still remains) in America a lack of seriousness about everything basic in life. Except in the cases of the Great Depression and in the later years of the Vietnamese War, America has been forever heedless and rollicking. There is no tragedy. (The Soviets officially outlaw tragedy; Americans appear unaware of it or evade it of their own free will.) It is this adolescent party spirit, which pervades the outer aspect of our country's big cities, that constitutes the mood of *Over Here!*

One might gather from this that what I enjoyed in the show was the equivalent of what I deplore, but that is not the case. For there is in American frivolity and vulgarity a fund of vitality, an unripe but nevertheless real core of optimism which may be traced to the fact that we are still—all ominous signs to the contrary notwithstanding—a lucky land, as yet unmarred by historical catastrophe.

None of this would occur to me if *Over Here!* were not so brilliantly performed and produced. There is, to begin with, the heartening exuberance of Patricia Birch's main number in which Ann Reinking leaps, bounces and whirls with fantastic speed, strength and delight, partnered by another virtuoso of popular dance, John Mineo. This exercise in jubilation is a surreal image of a gigantically gyrating machine gleefully bodying forth its own power and efficiency!

There are also such tickling spoofs as the reminder of Marlene Dietrich (pictured as the "spy" among the soldiers) done fetchingly by Janie Sell. All this in Douglas Schmidt's setting, which itself adds to the impression of a universal Disneyland.

The always present and occasionally

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featured band produces a wall of steely resonance, a shapely tumult. And the Andrews Sisters, in their close harmony, also contribute to the density of sound, as if nothing could be expressed except through multiplication. Their good-humored familiarity with the audience is always welcome because they are so unabashedly themselves and pleasantly undecorous.

In 1958 I reviewed an Off-Broadway production of *Ulysses in Nighttown* directed by Burgess Meredith and starring Zero Mostel; they perform the same functions now at the Winter Garden. I liked what I saw then: it was a straightforward, honest presentation of scenes from the Joyce novel, which made sense. Now, greatly enlarged, it doesn't.

The present production is adapted to the size of the theatre. Everything has been inflated, spread out to panoramic proportions. The result isn't "bad," it's nothing.

What we have now is Padraic Colum's brief program note explaining the main line of the story—Leopold Bloom's sorrow over the loss of his infant son, Rudy, his sympathy for the guilt-ridden Stephen Dedalus and Bloom's meeting with Dedalus in a brothel to which he (Stephen) has resorted in despair, and finally, Bloom's strange intuition that in Dedalus he has recovered a son. Also, there is a Narrator who recites disparate portions of the book. Much of this is lost because of the surrounding antics and also because the Narrator's position is moved to different parts of the stage—some of them much too far from the audience for the speaker to be audible.

What the production attempts visually is a lurid nightmare, part ballet or tableau, part erotic side show with music. But little of this fulfills the intention. Molly Bloom's famous interior monologue is reduced to a short soliloquy in which the actress speaks while she contorts herself in bed in total nudity. What emerges from this is chiefly ribaldry, which in Joyce is only part of the long and profoundly poetic passage. Bare-breasted and bare-legged, several of the girls in the brothel prance around Bloom and Dedalus to taunt as much as to tempt them. One may see nude women under much more favorable conditions.

The underlying flaw is not that Joyce's art has been vandalized but that simply as spectacle or independent theatrical event (independent, that is, of Joyce) the "nightmare" doesn't impress or frighten, the eroticism doesn't stimulate. Unless we are extremely susceptible yokels, we look upon it all and remain cool, indifferent and unillumined.

Zero Mostel is a highly gifted player, but his task in these circumstances is rendered very nearly impossible. He has to indicate everything and can act very little. He is obliged to mime a good deal, and this he does very ably, in a semi-Chaplinesque style which makes him more talented clown than character. Then he has to switch to pathos, which becomes hollow declamation. The production provides no basis for true emotion. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

When Jean Eustache's *The Mother and the Whore* played at the 1973 New York Film Festival, James Monaco of the New School for Social Research wrote an enthusiastic appraisal for *The New York Times,* and berated the local critics for showing a coolness toward the film that was delaying its commercial distribution. He compared the picture to Eric Rohmer's *My Night at Maud's* on the point that both are extremely talkative works with comparatively little action—thus putting at a disadvantage audiences who lack facility in French—but recalled that this verbal emphasis had not seriously reduced the success of the Rohmer film.

He did not add, as I would have done, that the personalities of *Maud* were so vivid and idiosyncratic that their inclinations and perplexities were theatrically compelling even across a considerable barrier of language; whereas the young man and two young women of *The Mother and the Whore* are so sluggish of character and depressed in animal spirits that the English-speaking viewer can scarcely convince himself that the torrent of their speech contains enough wit and ingenuity to atone for their morbid self-concern.

One narcissus can very well stimulate a work of drama, but when the cast is made up primarily of persons obsessively self-absorbed, and who furthermore derive very little satisfaction from the objects of their contemplation, outside observers may not feel called upon to respond. Three and a half hours of this sort of thing can seem very long. The fact is that Eustache has done well what he set out to do. He has displayed in minute and convincing detail a faction of contemporary youth that has become familiar from fiction and to a degree from personal observation. These are the men and women who, by the time they have reached their late 20s, are convinced

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that present-day society offers no rewards for such talents and loyalties as they might be able to offer, and who have retreated into a sullen dishevelment. If they must work, they seem deliberately to choose occupations they can despise; their personal relationships are transient and given over largely to philosophic bickering and the playing of phonograph records. They are said to be engaged in a sexual revolution—Mr. Monaco makes that claim—but derive so little pleasure from their eroticism that it must be a revolution based on incompetence.

It is a real situation and the objective state of the world is a sufficient explanation for it, but in terms of theatre it has the disadvantage that it cannot provide suspense or conflict at a level more intense than a dull headache. *The Mother and the Whore* is particularly handicapped, I think, because the young man is played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who has played this young man a good many times before. His slovenly dress, romanticized by a knee-length, protective scarf; the boyish charm of his startled face; the momentary shock of his explosive rages; the restless petulance of his eloquent body; the utter worthlessness of his protestations—all these are so much a part of Léaud's screen identity that you know much better what he will do (more accurately, fail to do) than can either Bernadette Lafont, the "mother," or François Lebrun, the "whore," between whom he vacillates to the discontent of all three. Léaud sitting in a café, wrapped in his scarf and peevishly reading a book, has become the trademark of a whole cinematic school of social devolution. He does it extremely well—and in this case the two women ably abet him—but repetition does not invigorate this nonviable theme. □

MUSIC

RICHARD DYER

It's always been easy to condescend to Massenet. When *Don Quichotte* was first done at the Metropolitan, Lawrence Gilman called the composer the "male milliner of music . . . gifted with the spiritual distinction of a butler, the compassionate understanding of a telephone girl, and the expressive capacity of an amorous tomtit." Even in France they called him *"la fille de Gounod."*

Sarah Caldwell, director of the Opera Company of Boston, clearly belongs to the party of the patronizing: her name was as prominent as the composer's in the publicity for her most recent offering at the Orpheum Theatre: "The Sarah Caldwell Production of Massenet's *Don Quichotte.*" Caldwell characteristically bases her operations on the premise that the libretto and music of an opera cannot really be trusted; she must somehow make them "relevant" to what she thinks are the demands of her audience.

In the case of *Don Quichotte* she may have a point, for straightforward sentiment and sidelong charm are qualities that do not have much purchase these days. Henri Caën's libretto—based on a play by Jacques le Lorrain, not on Cervantes—tells the simple story of a good and chivalrous gentleman wandering about in a world of new-model values. He restores a necklace stolen from a lady he idolizes and in return asks for the "gentle pressure" of her hand as they walk into the future; she laughs at him, regretfully confessing her lightly loving nature; he withdraws to the forest to die of a broken heart. The characterizations suggest *Cyrano* as much as Cervantes—the Don rhymes and duels; the coquettish Dulcinea, given to literary allusion, does not recognize the love she seeks when it presents itself in an unexpected form. All of the music Massenet supplied is well made and often quite pretty, though the Spanish genre stuff never sounds quite as much like *Carmen* as it tries to (and needs to), and the episode in which Don Quixote converts a crew of bandits by kneeling in prayer summons a treacly tune, harmonized by the organ, that Gounod's daughter might well have written.

Caldwell made a very effective theatre piece out of all this—or rather, leaving all this behind. She and her designers Herbert Pond and Helen Senn moved the action from Spain to a Montmartre cabaret in the Belle Epoque. An upholstered chanteuse (Mignon Dunn looked ready to break into *Hello Dolly!* at any moment) and a puppet show about Don Quixote attract the attention of an onlooking poet/dreamer who, with the friend he calls Sancho, leaps into the action. The staff and clientele of the cabaret, disguising themselves as bandits, whores and persons of quality, put the poet/dreamer through the rest of the puppet plot (Massenet's opera), now become "real," as a kind of cruel joke. At the end, vilified by all, the poet/dreamer commits suicide.

We in the audience were apparently supposed to share the blame. The cabaret stage was a smaller replica of that of the Orpheum Theatre which surrounded it, and when in the fourth act the chorus must jeer at the dreamer, Caldwell had them do it in civvies from seats in the audience. The house lights went up, and Donald Gramm, the "Sancho," stepped out of character to lecture us in song about how unfeeling we all were, how we didn't understand that the goodness of Don Quixote was comparable to that of Jesus. It is characteristic of Caldwell's failure to consider the implications of her ready effects that there had been nothing in the performance to make us feel anything other than admiration and affection for the Don; her irony was also insult.

It was also confusion because, for all the effectiveness of the mirrory interplay of illusion and reality, it was sometimes impossible to determine just which layer of the onion we were in. And Donald Gramm, just about our finest operatic actor, was given an unactable role—if the dreamer's friend doesn't see the hideous joke, he is stupid; if he does, he is cruel. Nothing he must do or sing supports either alternative. Most people I talked to just gave up and enjoyed Caldwell's vivid, circusy effects—the Don hurtled around on the blades of the windmill, the attention-gobbling antics of the full-size horse and donkey puppets imported from the German Democratic Republic.

Worst of all, nothing had anything to do with the music; the sound track was merely concurrent, not synchronous. And the music still holds a multiple interest. There are reasons for the current revival of interest in Massenet (*Don Quichotte* is being done at the Paris Opera right now; there will be another revival at Chicago in the fall; Joan Sutherland will sing *Esclarmonde* in San Francisco). The composer always exploits voices and performing personalities expertly, and audiences can continue to respond to what they have always liked, despite the disapproval of the critics: that peculiarly discreet eroticism in the music, at once immensely self-conscious and hardly self-aware. The *Don Quichotte* score repeatedly calls for a very French mingling of the emotions, for sad smiles, pale joys, infinite yearning sweetnesses; Debussy said, "The harmonies are like enlacing arms, the melodies are the necks we kiss; we gaze into women's eyes to learn at any cost what lies behind." Vanni-Marcoux's record of the death scene documents singing of a transparency and respect and simplicity that even now makes Massenet's scented flicker seem for a moment a kind of radiance.

Caldwell's production, despite its colorful sights and some strong performances, simply snuffed it out. Noel Tyl (Don Quixote) sang with coarse sound, Miss Dunn (Dulcinea) with coarse sensibility. Gramm, as usual, sang splendidly and his stage skills almost masked the illogic of his role. It is a pity that the resource-

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ful Miss Caldwell ignores what can be gained by presenting a work in its own terms, that is, to force an audience by the excellence of what she puts on the stage to make *itself* "relevant" to what appears an alien sensibility. Most alien sensibilities, after all, turn out to be only unfamiliar recesses of the place where we've been living all along. □

ARCHITECTURE

JANE HOLTZ KAY

The town of Exeter, N.H., with its requisite bandstand now circled by a small sea of parked cars, its grocery store and Rexall, its tacky signage, is less lovely than even the leftovers of the classic Common now raveling at the edges in so many other suburban New England towns. The campus of Phillips Exeter Academy nudges this town and, hence, lacks any suggestion of lolling or aristocracy in its approach. The historic wood-frame houses along a back road look weepy. And the buildings that follow swiftly from the town, down the school's main street, are of Collegiate Georgian, the stolid 1900s revival form of little elegance and less repute.

The story goes that the school, in all its cold-shower wisdom, rejected an offer fifty years ago to finance a complete campus redesign. That design, said the would-be donor, would make the grounds look as graceful as those of Phillips Andover. Whether the school feared copycatting its fraternal rival, disliked dictatorship, or simply thought that money spent on beautification was slightly sinful, I do not know. Whatever the reason, the school refused, and boasts—or boasted until now—no pretensions to architectural distinction.

In short, the prep school does not look like a sketch pad for this decade's most noted architect—Louis Kahn*, the Philadelphia designer taken as heir to both the artistry and (less correctly) the romantic temperament of Frank Lloyd Wright. Nor, to be blunt, does the exterior of the new library that Kahn has designed upon a raised eyebrow of a site look like a masterwork for that sketch pad. As a whole, the brick cube of a library is a decent and even handsome building. Inside, it is admirable, but outside, the library performs no fairy godmother act upon the campus as a whole. Indeed, neither do several other structures by good contemporary architects—a gym, dorms, theatre—work their magic, however gladly one applauds the decision of the school and its headmaster to select modern architects of repute and to elicit some $24 million for expansion.

"Beautiful does not mean good-looking," is Kahn's dogma. Those initiated into the architect's riddles know that the phrase refers to his firm, unyielding materials and assertive lines. Kahn's design will not gentle up to the user. "It comes strong and strident as all the things that are said for the first time," architect Romaldo Giurgola has written. The library somewhat refutes the axiom: it *is* rather good-looking; less tough, less "new," than some formidable works in Kahn's repertory. It is easy-going rather than primitive in its surfaces (brick, travertine, oak, as well as nicely detailed concrete); compact rather than declamatory in form; rather mellow than dramatic in admitting light through structure. Still, as a building upon a site, the library is not beautiful, or truly helpful to the sense of place.

In its favor, the exterior is brick. That should comfort any alumni who feared that Kahn would display his brutalistic mastery of concrete upon their campus. (The massive concrete suspended gym by Kallmann and McKinnell has borne the title of "the ugliest building in New Hampshire" since its construction.) But the brick library is too big to blend into the broad lawn next to the old library and into Kahn's new peak-roofed dining facility, and too boxy for the grandeur associated with the old Beaux Arts libraries, achieved by size but more by classic shape.

There are defenses for the somewhat oversized profile: the necessary space could not have been sunk lower because of soft soil; the terraces that are in the plans were never built to contour the site on the dining-room side. The terraces are a low-budget item—$50,000 in more than $3 million—and their incomplete state contradicts Exeter's late urge for greater architectural civility. These are legitimate excuses, of course; but excuses are not visible on the site. I cannot recall visiting a new building, successful or not, without the architect asking, in one way or another, for the viewer to suspend judgment until—until the planting grows, until the rubble is cleared, until the next building (or the terraces) come. Again understandable. All buildings are better when they have broken in and the library is little more than a year old. Time favors architecture. To his credit, Kahn does not depend on years to soften rough edges or mollify aesthetic statements. For good or ill, he is not a wait-and-see architect. As he leans toward an emphatic but austere mode in his art, so he accepts the consequences of architecture as architecture—unadulterated.

*As this issue was going to press, *The Nation* was sad to learn that Louis Kahn had died of a heart attack on March 17.

FABLE OF THE COARSE ROSE

The path of the rose was uncharted.
It began to seek itself out.
It grew a sententious hand.
The hand flattened each leaf each thorn each petal
Until the rose was flat as a highway.
Bees and butterflies got lost on it.
The hand patrolled the rose day and night,
It beat the hell out of vagrants and hitchhikers,
Cats and dogs ran from under it
Yowling and limping.

No amount of warning could keep everyone away
Since it was hard to tell
Which was the rose with the spanking hand
Since all roses imitated one another
Though they were not equipped with the hand.
One had to risk his ass to find out.
It became ludicrous to speak to strangers
Of one's experience with rose slaps,
Or to convince the world to alter
Its conception of roses,
Until men of learning fresh from a beating
Revised their thoughts and feelings,
Until Shakespeare was removed from his grave
And buried next to Frankenstein.

G.S. Sharat Chandra

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"But the people who live there might want some trees," a critic once said to Kahn after his return from Dacca, where he has been rebuilding the capital of Bangladesh.

"If they want trees, then that's their concern," said Kahn. "*I* must make it so strong that they *don't* want them."

One cannot quite accept the statement; it is rather heroic. The love of a building, pure and unadorned, is an acquired taste. As the fabric maker loves most his weave, the designer applauds his pattern and the dressmaker the cut of the garment, while we others look to the total effect; so we need more than structure on our landscapes. One wants trees at Exeter, and terraces, and also a path to the main door. Kahn's design eschewed the path in favor of an arcade around the building, a passageway to enter and leave at will. The students replied with their feet, wearing down one quite purposeful, slightly off-kilter mud trail along the grass to the main door. An earlier accommodation like that might have helped blunt the bigness and squareness.

Not that bigness per se is a fault. In a library, one might invite the monumental. Would that this library were as large as the gym, for instance; Exeter's luxurious athletic facility is a stunningly ample place that cost three times as much and looms palpably larger in the backyard of the campus. The problem is that the library fails to work out either option: it fails to recede modestly into the surroundings, or to assert itself as center. It lacks—of all things in a Kahn building—sufficient authority, weight or importance. It is merely rather big.

Does this dwelling on exterior sound finicky? The answer is "no." Kahn's intellect for form, his clarity, have not run haywire here, but his design has trapped itself in an arcade. That arcade—call it the architect's enduring search for interim spaces—with its columns that flow from the pattern of windows, five up and eight across, speaks of Di Chirico's haunted cities. Perhaps spring will make its shadowy folds welcoming; winter passage is chilly and forbidding. Place of entry is obscured and, hence, inhospitable. One plunges into the arcade, seeking the unseen door. The seeker will find, eventually, but the lack of symmetrical center, or clearly marked off-center doorway, deprives the building of strength, denies the larger campus definition mentioned, and heightens a certain tension about the whole of the building and its parts.

Tension, like bigness, is relative; not good or bad in itself. In Kahn's library, the tension is unpleasant when the banding below the window catches the sun and seems to be torn away from the façade; it is disquieting where the roof tops off like a cut-out balcony, giving glimpses of nothing behind but sky. Yet, tension relieves the boredom of the box. And tension between the boxy exterior and the molded interior adds another dimension: the mystery of the arcade accents the surprise to come. Find the door and, as your reward, you get the splendid curving staircase. Walk up the stairs and you stand under a light-strewn atrium. Suffer the size of the concrete walls in the atrium for the sculptural circles cut into their midst. A Kahn signature, those giant circles counter the hard-edge world of building and provide massive peepholes on the animated stacks of books and students up the levels of the library.

Enter the library, then, and reservations about campus and exterior submerge. There is logic and beauty in a good working order that puts the lie to chatter about this complex architect as a mystic unconcerned with function. Check-out desk to the left, piano to the right, students around, light everywhere, offices to the rear—the library reveals the care and consideration that all parties brought to bear.

"A man with a book goes to the light," Kahn has said. On that premise, the library makes fine sense. Kahn plants the study carrels and lounging furniture at windows and the books in the center. Above, the pipes and mechanical units do their job, plunging through the structure with deliberate visibility. They manifest the concept for which Kahn is best known: architecture as Served and Serving spaces—the living quarters, Served, and the mechanical apparatus, Serving. "I do not like ducts; I do not like pipes," Kahn said as he struggled to refute any enthusiasm for his leadership of the let-it-all-hang-out school. "I hate them so thoroughly, I feel they have to be given their place. If I just hated them and took no care, I think they would invade the building completely and destroy it." Here, the pipes behave relatively mildly and more than justify their axiomatic place in Kahn's philosophy. "Real brick is real brick. Concrete is real concrete. Pipes are pipes," in the words of the former librarian Rodney Armstrong, who collaborated with Kahn.

Exeter's architectural program sought nothing of security for its library, did not ask for a locks and bolts place for surveillance. The building, as Armstrong says, "is an act of faith." That the faith has been honored by the students is a measure of the design quality, one hopes, as well as the propertied caste of its student body. In a purely pragmatic sense, moreover, the library is easy to maintain, easy to light, easy to use (once one learns such things as the whereabouts of the corner staircase); and adaptable (remember the piano in the grand entry hall). Its functional and aesthetic satisfactions bespeak a rare harmony between architect and client.

"The client asks for areas, the architect must give him spaces; the client has in mind corridors, the architect finds reasons for galleries; the client gives the architect a budget, the architect must think in terms of economy; the client speaks of a lobby, the architect brings it to the dignity of a place of entrance." These are Kahn's words. They are sad ones. They are the manifesto of an architect at cross-purposes with insensitive clients; of a society at cross-purposes with architecture, as well as other affairs of the spirit. Perhaps the lonely arrogance of the words explains the mechanical inflexibility of Kahn's landmark Richards Medical Laboratory a decade ago; perhaps the pedestrian nature of the client implied by them explains Kahn's penurious existence and little recognition till late in life. (He is now in his 70s.)

The client-architect conflict was not joined here. Armstrong, now head of the Boston Atheneum, was knowledgeable about architecture and his own needs; Kahn, the architect, was a book lover, amenable to his client's wishes. Armstrong shopped for an architect, worked out the program with his choice; Kahn listened and acceded to the pragmatic needs. "There are lots of solutions," Kahn would reassure his client when a complication arose that might alter the master's design. A handholding of sensitivity and sensibility. If the same conciliatory ethic and mutual counseling had gone on for the exterior and the larger grounds, as a whole, Exeter might indeed have been transformed. □

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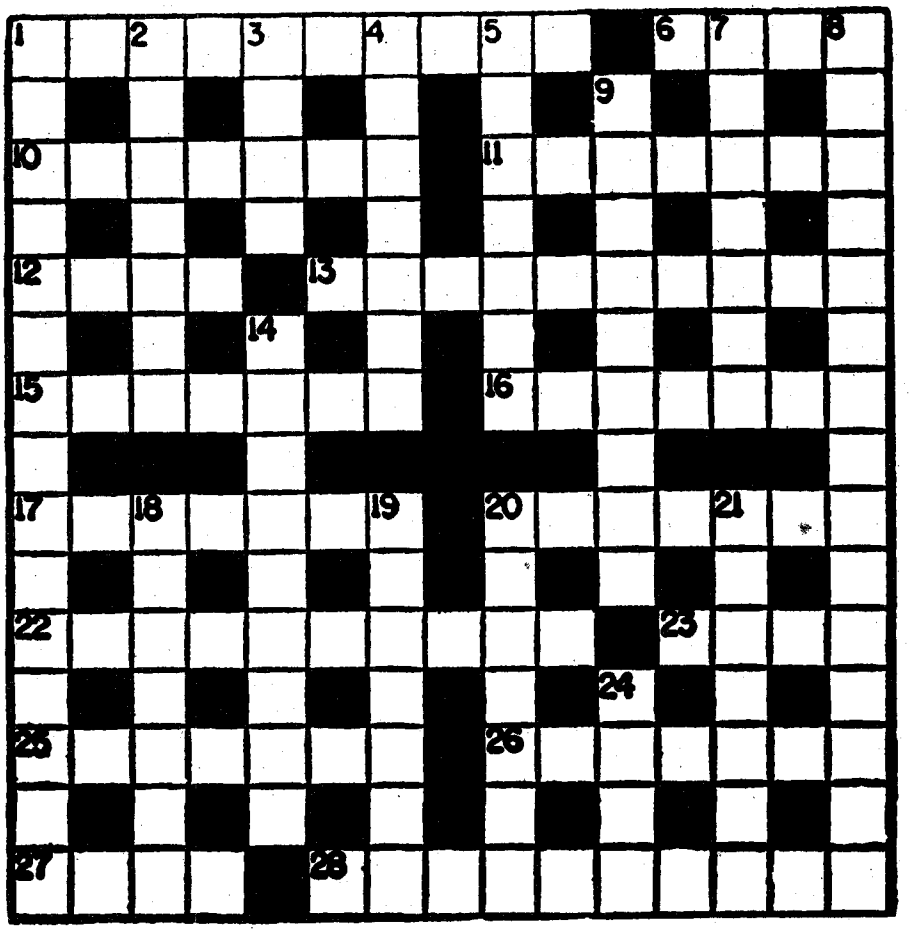
Crossword Puzzle No. 1531

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A strong point might be difficult to accept. (4,2,4)
6 Set, go or look obliquely. (4)
10 Heaps of books, obviously! (7)
11 They used to work mainly after a hanging. (7)
12 Only picked by fussy types? (4)
13 Intoxicated with prohibitionist feeling? Paradoxical, but that's how one might be left! (4,3,3)
15 Brueghel and Goldmark both made a rustic one. (7)
16 When it's crisp and autumny, you might look for it near Berlin. (7)
17 Such a day for a 15! (7)
20 Gad! It's a rough sea-trip! (7)
22 There's a certain charm to such things. (10)
23 Look, by the sound of it, doggy. (4)
25 It takes but a short space of time to irritate one with a fever! (7)
26 The simplest of aromatic series of hydrocarbons, having been scattered around something some people follow. (7)
27 Right skinny by the sound of it. (4)
28 Bullet to be made in the shape of a buzzer? (10)

DOWN

1, 3 and 8 down Home-thoughts from abroad, of small comfort to the stay-at-home? (6,9,4,4,3,4,4)
2 Akin to being told? (7)
3 See 1 down
4 One might follow this one-two-three, and try a gin cocktail. (7)
5 They sometimes tilted during black times, one hears. (7)
7 Worked with one's hands for one's bread? (7)
8 See 1 down
9 and 21 down Leaving, yet still here? You might get it before you trip! (5-4,7)
14 How one might currently appreciate sail-making could be a drug on the market. (9)
18 Fit to get drunk, if the poker-player's aspiration can. (7)
19 The sort of call made about a drink of milk? (7)
20 You might find a number competent to be worth holding. (7)
21 See 9 down
24 To a state of the answer, putting it to the Nation should be sound. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1530

ACROSS: 1 Gossiped; 10 Imago; 11 Ria; 12 Nails; 16 Censer; 17 Sign for; 18 Post; 20 Club; 22 Rehouse; 23 Aunt; 25 Scoring; 27 Opaque; 29 Triple; 34, 35 and 36 Keeps one's word; 37 and 2 Pastorate; 38 Digested. DOWN: 3 and 4 Spoilsport; 4 and 24 Portages; 5 and 6 Dead center; 7 and 8 Tailspins; 9 Ascribes; 14 and 15 Silence in court; 16 Consent; 18 Peacocks; 21 and 31 Legends; 25 Sunset; 26 Grasps; 28 Arena; 30 and 6 Prosecute; 32 and 13 Cold spells; 33 and 19 Bergson.

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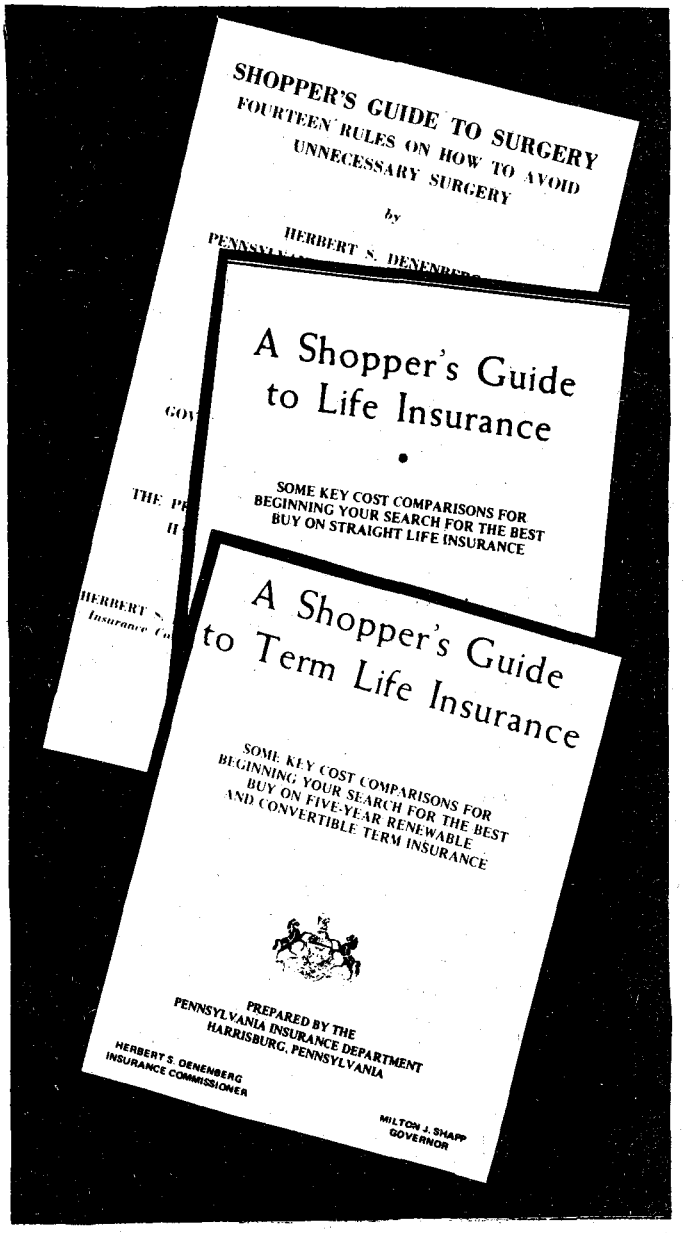
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